New Republic

FEBRUARY 23, 1948

GREECE: HOW THE TRUMAN DOCTRINE WORKS

By JAN HASBROUCK

★

THE BREAK IN PRICES

★

NAZI-SOVIET DOCUMENTS

★

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MURDER CAN BE STOPPED BY ACTION NOT PROMISES

IT is time to stop hoping for someone *to do* something!

THE ISSUE in Palestine is crystal clear. There the henchmen of the Nazi war criminal, Mufti Haj Amin El Husseini are looting, raping, and murdering innocent people.

Every American faces this issue. *We are either for murder or against it.* Those who are against it want it stopped, pronto!

This murder can be stopped—but not by talking. It can be stopped by taking proper measures to disarm and arrest the assassins and to arm their defenseless targets.

This murder can be stopped immediately if the United States Government exercises its powers and fulfills its responsibilities. It will be stopped if President Truman will order the State Department to act in accordance with his past promises—and not according to the wishes of the British Foreign Office.

Petition Congress

THROUGH Congress Americans can get this action. This is what we propose to do.

We reproduce here a petition to Congress which the POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE FOR PALESTINE is circulating throughout the country. We know that many Senators and Congressmen favor the program recommended in this petition.

You can strengthen the hand of these men by showing that you support them. You can add the vote of the Senators and Congressmen of your State if you—and your friends and neighbors—express approval of this program.

You Can Do This

HAVE this petition signed by American citizens. Return the signed petition to the Political Action Committee for Palestine and get more petition blanks. Get more signatures—more and more signatures.

We plan to submit five (5,000,000) million signatures to Congress. With your generous help we can do this quickly. Your contribution will enable us to mail 250,000 petitions to public-spirited men and women in every state of the Union. It will enable us to publish this message in important newspapers throughout the country. It is vital to success.

HELP US TO STOP MURDER NOW

A Petition

to the United States Congress

in legislative session assembled

WHEREAS, a state of emergency exists in Palestine where an Arab uprising has been organized by the Nazi war criminal, Mufti Haj Amin el Husseini; and *WHEREAS,* the Arab Governments of Syria and Lebanon, of Egypt, Iraq, and Transjordan, in contemptuous disregard of the United Nations' Charter and in flagrant violation of international law, are sending arms and men to invade the Holy Land, collecting a war chest of millions of dollars, and training armies for a war of extermination against the Hebrews of Palestine; and *WHEREAS,* the Government and the people of the United States have repeatedly expressed their support for the establishment of a "Jewish State" in Palestine and are deeply concerned about this open defiance of the authority of the United Nations and this dangerous threat to world peace and security;

THEREFORE, WE, the undersigned citizens hereby respectfully urge and petition the *Congress of the United States* to take appropriate legislative action recommending to the *President of the United States* the immediate adoption of the following vigorous measures:

1. Modify the United States embargo on arms to the Middle East to permit the acquisition by the Hebrew people of Palestine of arms necessary for defense against this aggression, but to continue the embargo to Arab countries as aggressors in an undeclared war and place an embargo on war material to all countries now supplying the Arab Governments with arms and munitions.
2. Instruct American Delegates to UN to request Security Council action ordering member-nations to embargo arms to Arab countries.
3. Request Great Britain to open the Port of Tel Aviv for immediate repatriation of the Jews of Europe.
4. Instruct American Delegates to UN to support the establishment of an International Police Force, composed of small nations, to maintain law and order in Palestine.

TO INDICATE our earnest support of this program we herewith affix our signatures and contribute one ($1.00) dollar or more toward the cost of circulating these petitions throughout the United States.

POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE FOR PALESTINE, Inc.
104 WEST 70th STREET NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

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NAME	ADDRESS	CONTRIBUTION

(Please write your name and address legibly on this petition and see that all the blanks are filled. Add extra sheets of your own. Our goal is five million signatures.)

Please return all signed petitions to Political Action Committee for Palestine, Inc.
104 West 70th Street New York 23, N. Y.

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New Republic

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BOILED DOWN to essentials, the economic situation, as the White House sees it, is something like this. Sooner or later, a sharp recession is coming, and probably sooner. However, the present commodity-price break probably isn't "it" (though it's still too soon to say for sure). More inflation is likely to come before the real break.

If this estimate is wrong, and the general break comes before the election, it probably spills President Truman's beans. Fairly or unfairly, the public blames the Administration for bad times. In this case it would seem to be unfairly. For ever since his coming to office, Truman has been making economic recommendations to a hostile Republican Congress which the latter has contemptuously ignored, from the OPA to the elaborate Truman anti-inflation program. His warnings of increasing danger run through three economic reports to Congress; they will be reread when the slump comes.

Finally, the prospective slump shouldn't be confused with the Big Crash, five or ten years off, that is the economists' real bogey. The one ahead is the "little" one, say six million unemployed, with production cut down 10 percent. Corrective forces ought to bring back prosperity in a year or so.

But on or around 1958, look out for the granddaddy of all crack-ups, on the 1929 model (that one lasted 10 years). Proper safeguards could probably prevent or mitigate this calamity, but few think they will be taken. Anyhow, it's a long way off.

"Cold peace." The Administration's attitude toward Russia was put about like this last week by a high official. The Soviet doesn't want war; it's got accumulating troubles at home and is probably overextended on the map of Europe. We don't want war either. But the Communists would feel they were traitors in history to Marx if they didn't try to play present economic hardships for all they are worth, everywhere.

However, with reasonable success for the Marshall Plan, economic stability should be restored gradually to Western Europe, and maybe Russia will then be less militant. Conditions won't be exactly cordial, but they might revert to something like the 1930-39 relationship.

Communists can't win a fair election in a democratic country, and must use other means. Friction is apt to be intensified during the partial paralysis of American policy that comes in a presidential election, of which Russia will seek to take full advantage. Well, those are the postulates on which present US policy is based.

Back to controls? It's been funny to see the mid-air reversals which the break in grain prices has brought. Three congressional groups are now suddenly investigating the market break—a fortnight ago the same committees were indignantly investigating high commodity prices. Just before Christmas, Congress quivered at the blood-curdling Hoover-Taft warnings that starving Europeans would leave America without enough food. Now the fear is all the other way, that the starving Europeans will run out before the grain does.

Before the break the farm bloc was denouncing "controls." Now controls suddenly look pretty good. The cut in grain price is, of course, a wonderful boon to deficit nations abroad. And, finally, it probably puts the big farm lobby behind the Marshall Plan because that will guarantee a European market for four years.

Various matters. Truman's Jackson-Jefferson speech, of course, starts off his election campaign. A rather

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silly game at press conferences recently has been to try to get him to admit he is a candidate.

As to the big issue, the White House "front porch" controversy, our sympathies are all with Truman. It's cruel and inhuman to coop up a President in the White House museum, about like requiring Mayor O'Dwyer to live in Grant's Tomb. If he wants a private porch where he can rock with Bess without being seen, he's entitled to it.

Our only other comment about Truman at the moment is that his oval study now has two ultra-violet lamps which reporters irreverently call "bug lamps."

The bowl, on its long metal rod, stands about five feet eight inches tall, and throws a powerful indirect light on the ceilings, supposed to kill germs. It also gets in the way of reporters at press conferences and produces a lively sunburn at eye-level on taller FBI attendants.

Against its better judgment, the Administration decided it had to "do something" for China, to the tune of half a billion dollars. Left to itself by Roy Howard, Henry Luce, Hearst and Republican congressmen, State might have proposed half of that.

The sum is the product of politics, not planning, and represents money for relief not recovery. America's marginal aid may be effective in Europe; it will accomplish little in China. But the pressure on the Administration got too great.

ERP will pass. It can now be said with conviction that the Marshall Plan will pass Congress. It may be weakened but can't be blocked. Though its toughest fight lies ahead, its unanimous acceptance by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee greatly encourages supporters, makes it more difficult for Republican "revisionists" to hamstring it and serves as a monument to one man, Arthur Vandenberg. It is perfectly true this first hurdle is the easiest and that the real battle lies over the amount, in the House. As reported here last week, however, congressional supporters seem confident that the program will go through.

Notes. Palestine is the hottest issue here right now; nobody can be certain what line the Administration will eventually take. . . . The 16 nations got a green light for another ERP conference as soon as the Vandenberg committee had written out its own economic and political conditions. . . . Rents are now advancing over the nation at the rate of one percent a month—a bad omen for workers' purchasing power.

Washington T. R. B.

WORRIED about

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• **Taft-Dewey** • **Civil Liberties** • **Palestine**
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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 8, ISSUE 1734, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 23, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

STURDY

Up and down Madison Avenue and in the glittering cocktail bars off New York's advertising main stem last week, the gossip was that Chrysler had canceled all of its advertising in *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*.

Stretched on the shining bars in front of the young men in $200 suits were two copies of *Life*. The issue dated February 9 was open to a photograph of an automobile bent almost around a tree. The caption said that the wreckage suggested "an answer to the question about the relative sturdiness of prewar and postwar automobiles." The issue dated February 16 was open to page 13, where a neatly boxed "Correction" said that *Life*, on "further investigation," had learned the error of its ways—"the safety of postwar cars is as great or greater than that of prewar cars." Furthermore, over the eloquent signature, ED., the "Correction" concluded, "The statement was corrected in the latter part of *Life's* press run and so appeared only in early copies of the issue. *Life* deeply regrets the error."

We do too. It happens that the automobile in question was plainly labeled Plymouth. Well, we think the new Plymouth we now have is much better than the ones we had before the war. And the *New Republic* has plenty of advertising space if Chrysler happens to be interested.

Ominous Note

AN ORCHID for the most ominous observation of the week goes to young Henry Ford II. Speaking in London, Ford expressed complete confidence in the business situation —a story which got the headline, "Ford Voices Optimism on US Business Outlook," and which attacked "the outmoded theory that overproduction causes business depressions."

Those with long memories recalled young Ford's late grandfather's statement, made just before the worst of the 1929 collapse: "Business will be all right. . . . There is no such thing as overproduction." A few weeks later, Ford shut down his Detroit plant, throwing 75,000 men out of work.

LOYALTY CHALLENGE

The first suit testing the constitutionality of President Truman's executive order for a loyalty purge of federal employees was filed in a District of Columbia court last week.

O. John Rogge, former assistant to the Attorney General, challenged the list of 90 "subversive" organizations recently made public by his former boss, Attorney General Tom Clark. The suit was filed on behalf of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, one of the organizations branded by Clark when he submitted the list to the loyalty commission under the executive order.

The Joint Anti-Fascist group, Rogge told the court, is a charitable agency which has raised $1.25 million to aid victims of fascism. Since last December, when it was officially called "subversive" without notice that it was under investigation and without having a chance to defend itself at a hearing, the committee has suffered such damages as loss of tax-exempt status, financial backers and friends.

The suit charged that the President's order violated sections of the Constitution in that, without a hearing, both the organization and its members were stripped of their rights and denied due process of law. If the suit is successful, the government will be compelled to rescind the list of "subversive" groups, and the constitutionality of the entire loyalty order, thus weakened, would be made the subject of further court proceedings.

No Blizzards

ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. STANDLEY (retired) testified the other day before the Un-American Activities Committee. He said that Communist influence has been responsible for demands by American workers for higher pay since the war; for the government's taking over the coal mines and railroads; and for "the demoralization of our economy today."

The Admiral didn't say one word about the responsibility of the Communists for the cold weather this winter.

SPLIT IN THE CIO

Harry Bridges and any other national CIO officers who support Henry Wallace are probably going to lose some of their jobs.

President Phil Murray is determined to enforce the "moral" obligation of CIO officers and subordinates to support the executive-board majority decisions endorsing the European Recovery Program and opposing a third party.

If Bridges, president of the Longshoremen's Union, continues to back Wallace, he will be replaced as Northern California CIO director. The same principle will be applied to other pro-Wallace men in CIO posts.

In discussions since the executive-board split on Wallace and ERP, there has been a surprising absence of bitterness. Even so-called left-wing unions such as the United Electrical Workers, it is reliably reported, may

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continue to direct members' political contributions to the PAC—though UE leaders voted against the anti-third-party resolution. The assumption is that, despite differences this year, few people want to risk permanent splits.

Some CIO officials profess to believe that the PAC will be "stronger than ever" this year, even if the left-wing unions do not contribute money. They admit that a UE defection would be expensive to the PAC, but even in 1947 Bridges' Longshoremen did not send any money direct to the national PAC. They hope to make up any losses from left-wing unions by larger contributions from right-wing unions. They also admit, however, that left-wing unions, which may work for Wallace, previously furnished most of the best PAC "foot soldiers"—the rank-and-file people doing the hard work in wards and counties which produces votes.

THE BREAK IN PRICES

FACTS about the commodity and stock-market drop are hard to come by, particularly since both Republican and Democratic politicians are having a field day with them.

The Republicans have charged that President Truman, through his Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson, is guilty of trying to rig the market. But while Senator Taft says the Department of Agriculture forced prices up, Representative August H. Andresen (R, Minn.) says it forced them down. Secretary Anderson, in turn, says the Republican charges are only political smears.

Neither set of Republican charges against Anderson seems to make sense. It seems very doubtful that any of the bearish speculators who cleaned up profited by inside information. The rapid rise in commodity prices last year is generally explained by our unusually large need for grains for export and the prospect of an unusually poor US grain crop, the drop in commodity prices by the fact that the government has almost completed its buying and that 1948 crop prospects look very good both in the United States and abroad.

Widening circle. The deeper analysts probed, the more the implications spread from wheat and corn to Pittsburgh, Detroit, Schenectady.

First to feel the impact were the food processors, whose inventories skidded down almost as sharply as the prices of raw materials. When the break spread last week from grains to hides, fats and oils and cotton, thousands of additional firms took beatings on high-priced materials on their books.

If the sag in commodities continues and broadens, inventory profits of last year will turn into sizable losses. And with US business carrying some $50 billion worth of goods on its shelves, this was an occasion for genuine concern.

Cancellations. Especially vulnerable are the projects for plant expansion which have been sustaining the heavy-goods boom, on which the current prosperity largely depends. Let businessmen see the accumulated stocks in their warehouses sag much further, and many an expansion program will stay in the blueprint stage, and steel and machinery and the construction industries will have to begin to reckon with canceled orders.

At the consumer-goods level, those who had rooted for a break in farm prices were beginning to wonder whether they were going to like last week's results as much as they first thought. The recipients of the $20 billion farm income had been good customers for fur coats and tractors, for home appliances and resort hotels. Suppose farm income dropped $5 billion this year? With production already beginning to catch up with effective demand, this loss in purchasing power could only add to a softening of the market for consumer goods. To some extent, of course, this would be compensated for by lower prices, which would enable city workers to buy more goods. But what the net result would be depended on how far and how fast commodities dropped.

How much further will the break develop? *Nobody* knows. Inflationary factors still seem generally strong. Unless the markets fall much more sharply, there will probably be no great change in wage demands or in the current business policy of pyramiding prices on wages for still bigger profits.

The agricultural economists think the analysts may be taking a one-sided view of the situation in emphasizing the condition of the grain markets so heavily. They come close to saying that the weather controls the economy.

In general, the economists are saying there is no reason why this market break should cause a recession in employment and production unless it sets off a psychological stampede.

Was it planned? There are highly placed Democrats who are convinced, after careful inquiries, that this market break was planned and carried out by Republican big businessmen as a way to a return to political power. They believe that Wall Streeters, probably backers of Senator Taft for President, by selling and talking, deliberately plunged the market downward.

If this is a Republican plot to create a slump, these top Democrats say, they know no defense against it. Taft or any Republican could probably walk in.

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THE RIGHT PLACE

Perfumed snow is the next horror of modern civilization. A perfume manufacturer announces he is planning to mix large quantities of his product with dry ice, to be dropped on clouds from an airplane. If conditions are right, scented snowflakes will result.

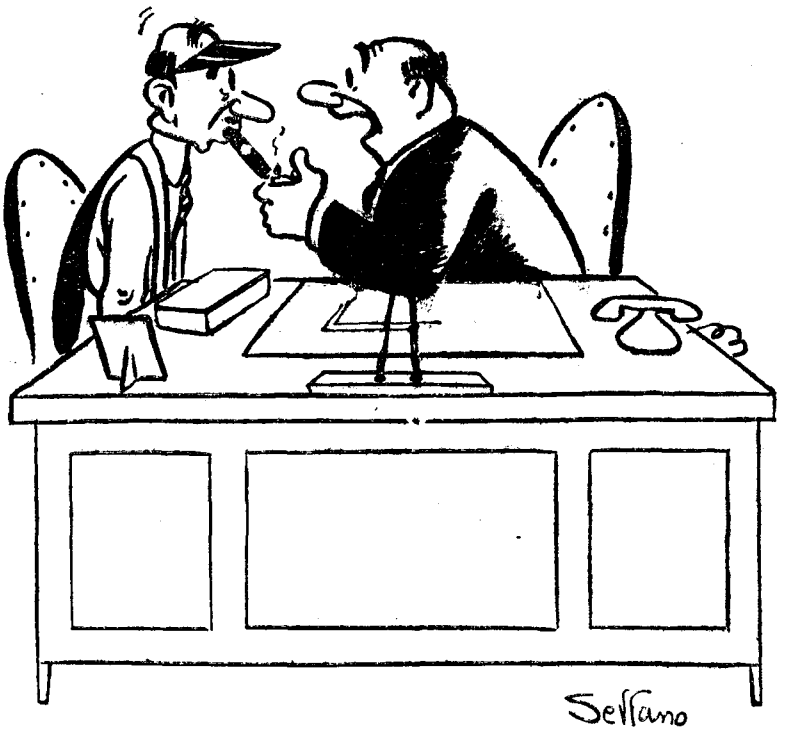
The first announced target is the national capital. Observers of recent congressional goings on agree that the scent specialist couldn't have picked a better place.

PERSISTENT GASMEN

The gas grab is on again. That is to say, the Rizley-Moore bill to hamstring control of natural-gas prices is again being put through the congressional mill. It was turned down at the last session by the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee by a vote of six to five, with two abstentions. That is too close for comfort, and at that time all five members of the Federal Power Commission were against it. Since then three of them, all appointed by President Truman, have changed their minds.

The bill is quite simple. It would allow the gas companies to charge "prevailing field prices" for the gas instead of the present price based on a fair cost of production. FPC Commissioner Leland Olds, one of the two members appointed by President Roosevelt, said it would mean "perfectly tremendous profits" for the gas interests, which are already doing fine. Consumers, all the way from New York to Denver, would foot the bill, some $56 million a year. Senator E. H. Moore, persistent sponsor of the bill, is a Republican from Oklahoma and a big oil operator. Representative Ross Rizley is also a Republican from Oklahoma and a utility lawyer, whose clients include three of the biggest natural-gas firms.

President Truman, who does a lot of talking about high prices, might do a little about this and a dozen similar deals cooking on Capitol Hill. At least he could keep his own FPC in line.



"We heard you'd said something about peace and abundance, Mr. Andrews, and we thought maybe you weren't happy in your job."

BAD NEWS FOR TENANTS

Don't extend it.
Don't amend it.
You can't defend it—
—End it!

Composed by the real-estate lobby, this ominous jingle is exactly what the nation's landlords are telling Congress to do about the Rent Control Act which expires February 29. And if the lobby's most active ally, Senator Harry P. Cain (R, Wash.), has his way, some 60 million tenants will be given back to the landlords.

Cain's plans, embodied in a bill now being drafted in committee, call for extension of controls for 14 months beyond February 29, but controls with a catch. His bill would permit:

¶ Lifting all rent ceilings in areas where the vacancy rate is one percent (by withholding vacancies in houses and apartments, landlords could create the needed one percent throughout the country within three months);

¶ Unlimited increases in rent where leases are signed through December 31, 1949;

¶ Giving boosts of 15 percent where landlords claim a 30-percent increase in operating expenses (this, too, would result in an areawide increase, since the tenants' only weapon will be the courts).

"Traditional." A sky-is-the-limit provision would allow landlords and tenants to agree to increases of more than 15 percent. Those who signed the voluntary 15-percent increase last year would be given no protection after December 31, 1948. In such form, rent "control" would be extended to April 30, 1949, but no further.

When Senator Cain started committee hearings, he admitted he wanted "rent decontrol as swiftly as possible to restore the traditional landlord-tenant relationship." Sharing his views is Representative Jesse Wolcott (R, Mich.), who is now drafting a companion House bill.

With the housing shortage in its third postwar year, rent decontrol would have a chaotic effect. Housing experts have estimated that 4.6 million dwellings must be produced by 1950 to meet the need. Of course, it is the

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same congressional committees now considering abolition of rent control that have scuttled all long-range, low-cost-housing programs in the past.

COMPULSORY BEARDS

The idea of trying to outlaw the Communist Party in the US has been just about abandoned by a subcommittee of the J. Parnell Thomas inquisitorial group. Even Attorney General Tom Clark told the committeemen that the government can't prove that Communists are foreign agents or advocate the violent overthrow of the US Government.

Most witnesses, including Clark, favored a bill proposed by Representative Karl E. Mundt (R, S. D.) to require Communists to register as agents of a foreign government.

Members of the committee, which has never yet reported out a piece of legislation, are planning to recommend tightening of the Espionage Act, the Foreign Agents Registration Act and other anti-subversion laws. They were not impressed when Arthur Garfield Hays, of the American Civil Liberties Union, suggested that they compel all Communists to wear boots, red shirts, fur caps and beards.

PLOT AGAINST PALESTINE

A CABAL OF TRUMAN LEADERS, abetted by the oil companies, is sabotaging the Palestine partition plan in the interests of "national defense." Led by Secretary of Defense Forrestal, this clique, which includes Near Eastern Affairs Director Loy Henderson, US Ambassador to Iraq George Wadsworth, and Admiral Leahy, the President's Chief-of-Staff, is waging an undeclared war within the Administration.

The plot has been so successful that now, only two months after the US led the fight for partition in the UN Assembly, no member of Truman's cabinet except Secretary Marshall is willing to stand up for our original position. Even the President is weakening.

The Forrestal thesis is that the US cannot have both partition and oil. If we press partition, Arab violence and enmity will block the flow of Middle Eastern oil. Since Forrestal is concerned with military matters, he prefers to safeguard the oil rather than to fulfill US obligations to Palestine.

Elevated approach. The Defense Secretary is doing everything he can to prevent the creation of an armed force for Palestine, even to making personal visits to Senators Vandenberg and Taft, and Representative Christian A. Herter (R, Mass.). This bid for bipartisan support, Forrestal says, is lifting the matter "above politics."

Coöperating with Forrestal in his "non-political" *putsch* are Ambassador Wadsworth and Loy Henderson. Their contribution is the spreading of rumors that Jewish Communists plan to use Palestine as a Soviet base.

Forrestal's entry into the Palestine affair dates back to the return of James Terry Duce, vice-president of the Arabian-American Oil Company, from a six weeks' inspection tour of the Middle East. The arguments Forrestal is now using very closely parallel those advanced in Duce's report, a copy of which has been in the Secretary's hands for some time.

The anti-partitionists hope to kill partition with an official policy of inaction while secretly working closely with Arab countries. When the report of the UN Committee for Palestine comes up in the Security Council shortly, the US will adopt a "do nothing" attitude—an open backdown on partition would offend powerful pro-Palestine sentiment in Congress and the country.

Pilate's gesture. This sit-down technique will guarantee the failure of any proposals that arms or soldiers be supplied to the Palestine Commission. Consequently, the commission, which must have Security Council approval for a police force, will be powerless to administer Palestine when it takes over on May 15. The result of this may be an all-out war between Arabs armed by the British, and Jews who have been rendered partly defenseless by our arms embargo against them.

If and when this situation occurs, Forrestal will be ready with "compromise" suggestions, which will include these alternatives: (1) allow the British to take over again, or (2) create an infinitesimal Jewish "token" state.

The latter solution is the one preferred by Forrestal's friends, for it would remove Haifa, terminus for the Iraqian and Saudi Arabian pipelines, from Jewish control. Under such an arrangement, the big British and American oil companies would not have to worry about doing business with a Jewish state which might saddle them with taxes and foreign-fund controls.

The opposition. Among those who are fighting the Forrestal faction are Democratic boss Ed Flynn and Franklin Roosevelt Jr., but on their visits to the White House they have received curt answers and little encouragement. And although Secretary Marshall insists that the United States has not changed its policy on partition, he has steadfastly refused to discuss how partition can be effected.

In the face of disorganized opposition, the Forrestal offensive is winning ground. Its ultimate success may not only destroy the Palestine state in its conception, but also the United Nations, which has staked its life on the outcome. HELEN FULLER

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THE MARSHALL PLAN: FIRST ROUND

by William Walton

THE UNANIMITY of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's approval of a four-year European Recovery Program is a personal triumph for Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg. The measure as it came through the committee differs in a number of ways, some of them quite important, from the one Secretary of State Marshall originally proposed. Nevertheless, the core of the project—a moral commitment binding the US to support an ERP through the fiscal year 1952—remains.

That the committee voted the measure largely as asked by the Administration is also a tribute to the Michigan Senator's skill and energy at the kind of compromise that does not sacrifice vital principle to the political expediencies of a presidential election year. Of course, the new ERP still has to survive the Senate isolationists. But it will be much harder for the wreckers to do serious damage now.

The measure in its present form calls for "a sustained common effort which will speedily achieve that economic coöperation in Europe which is essential to lasting peace and prosperity." The sum approved for a 12-month period, $5.3 billion, is $1.5 billion less than the $6.8 billion asked by Secretary Marshall, but it amounts merely to the original sum in terms of 12 instead of 15 months.

Open secret. It's an open secret in Washington that Vandenberg was the major figure during the five days of closed committee meetings that led to the unanimous approval, bringing ERP a long step toward practical reality. This step is matched in importance only by the understanding which Vandenberg and Taft apparently have reached about the program.

Before he left on his latest speaking tour, Taft had a long talk with Vandenberg, and the upshot is, their close associates say, that Taft will not oppose the Vandenberg version of ERP. That perhaps might seem a purely negative gain, but there had been danger that Taft might swing over his great Senate prestige to the anti-Marshall Plan bloc of 20 Senators led by Senate Whip Kenneth S. Wherry (R, Nebr.). With Taft in vigorous opposition, there would have been scant chance of any decent kind of European aid.

New agency. Though many details have not been worked out, the Vandenberg version differs radically from State's on the administering of ERP. Whereas State, and Secretary Marshall in his committee testimony, asked to keep administration within their own hands, the Senate committee has reached agreement on the creation of a new agency, headed by an administrator of cabinet rank, entirely outside the State Department.

The administrator would be responsible directly to the President, would control his own communications to Europe and recruit his own personnel without being bound to State's foreign-service lists. This administrative plan is not unattractive to Taft and other Republicans who expect the next occupant of the White House to be from their own party, perhaps Robert Alphonso himself, and thus it will be easy to bypass any Democrats who might remain in State or foreign-service positions.

Creation of a special agency, proposed by the Brookings Institution, is in essence a compromise between the wishes of big business for an RFC type of corporation and the State Department's program.

Already State has yielded gracefully on another point, when, at Vandenberg's insistence, it agreed that no long-term figure, such as the $17 billion originally proposed, should be included in initial ERP legislation.

The Vandenberg drafters are working out a version which, so far, places greatest emphasis on administration, in the hope that within 1948 basically sound ERP machinery can be set up and capital started flowing before the beginning of the second year.

William McChesney Martin, president of the Export-Import Bank, already has told the committee he will make no loans without expecting repayment on a dollar-for-dollar basis. Such financial conservatism would be offset somewhat, however, by the other ERP funds which are expected to flow out chiefly as grants-in-aid for food, fertilizer and similar needs.

The Vandenberg version in general outline still is close enough to Marshall's original concept—enabling Europe to help itself recreate a strong economic system—to warrant optimism. The danger lies in the amendments which rambunctious isolationists may offer from the floor. Vandenberg has satisfied the Wherry bloc in regard to administration but has not allayed their fears of continued nationalization in Europe.

Slow-moving. At the moment the Vandenberg version seems about as good as can be expected from a nation only emergent in recent years from isolationism and still practising the slow-moving techniques of democracy.

From the liberal viewpoint there are some things seriously wrong with the present version of the project. The *New Republic* has called attention to these shortcomings in the past, for example in the issue of January 12, and will continue to do so. Nevertheless the overwhelmingly important facts are: Europeans are hungry and hope for them and the world lies only in the creation of a strong, healthy European economy.

The inescapable corollary of these facts is that we must have an ERP that furnishes funds to start the process and not an ERP that provides merely a relief program of charity. From this viewpoint all those who hold off the isolationist wreckers, distorters and delayers in Congress deserve support, while every effort is made to keep ERP the fine project it was at the start.

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Toward World Federation

DURING THE PAST YEAR I have spoken on the grounds of at least twenty colleges and have met with representatives of the college newspapers in many press conferences. Sooner or later someone almost invariably brings up the question of World Federation. In recent months, as the international tension has increased, the desire for a World Police Force stronger than the army of any nation or group of nations has grown.

At first it seemed to me that many of the World Federationists were really Anglo-Saxon racists who were interested primarily in federation on Anglo-American terms. The outcome of this type of thinking would be two worlds in which the world of the Anglo-Americans, Latin Americans and Western Europeans might well be the smaller of the two in numbers of citizens. This type of "two worlds" thinking seemed to me altogether impractical. A federation of Western nations formed as an alliance *against* Russia does not mean war today, but it lays the foundation for war tomorrow at a time when the Western nations may not be nearly as strong relatively as they are today.

During the past seven or eight months it has seemed to me that there is a definite growth in sentiment for World Federation among people who have no hatred for Russia. Toward these people I have great sympathy because I am convinced that modern science makes world peace mandatory. In practical terms, this means that both the US and Russia must be willing to do away with the greater part of their armaments as soon as a powerful World Police Force is set up. At the present time neither nation is prepared to do this, but I am convinced that extended discussion like that conducted by Hamilton, Madison and Jay in *The Federalist* papers will swing the US around, and eventually even Russia.

These three gentlemen had one advantage which we don't have today. They were "talking up" a document which had already been drawn. The World Federationists are trying to sell a plan that has no authoritative weight of opinion behind it. The strongest argument they have at the moment is the horrible weakness and ineptitude of the UN in carrying out the partition of Palestine in the face of Arab opposition. It is a dismaying fact that this Arab opposition is actually endangering the settlement, coupled as it is with the veiled opposition of Britain and the US. It is clear there simply must be an effective World Police Force if UN is to amount to anything.

This does not mean that World Federation should have powers as broad as those of the US Government. Neither the US, Russia, nor any other nation would want that. But it is vital for the peace and prosperity of the world that Russia and the US stop spending $20 billion a year for armaments. The human energy which this vast sum represents is needed for building houses, schools, roads, hospitals and soil. The one federal power which the world organization requires above everything else is the power to reduce the armaments of all nations and build up a World Police Force. This must be done in a way which will allay the fears of both Russia and the US.

With regard to technical details, my mind goes back to the proposal by Walter Bishop of Guilford, Connecticut, which would set up 12 big air bases at 12 different key spots in the world. Each of the bases would have a Supreme Commander from a different country and the commanders would be in charge for only one year. Each of the bases would be manned by contingents from each of 12 countries. Bishop goes so far as to suggest that a pension system be worked out for the armed forces of the different nations which are no longer needed so as to avoid incurring the opposition of the men who see their profession and life work being destroyed.

Bishop's plan is only one of many which might serve as a basis for discussion and early action.

The important problem is to get that early action. We need an international disarmament conference. We need to settle the problem of international control of atomic weapons. I have said in the past, and say again, that stubborn insistence that our proposals are the only acceptable proposals ill becomes the one nation which possesses atomic power for war. The cause of peace is not advanced by countering Russian stubbornness with stubbornness of our own.

With the veto power as it exists today, the World Police Force might be forever hamstrung. Therefore I would advocate calling a conference for the purpose of amending the Charter so as to remove certain types of dispute from the veto. I would hate to see a World Police Force that could be used to halt social, political, economic or revolutionary change inside any country. Such a police force would be the ultimate in reactionary tyranny.

But I would like to see both a World Court and a World Police Force that could step in decisively whenever any individual or group of individuals in any nation is taking clear-cut action which imperils the peaceful relationship of nations. This means that we must work out a new but very definite and limited code of international law.

Henry A Wallace

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GREECE: HALFWAY TO FAILURE

by Jan Hasbrouck

THE TRUMAN DOCTRINE has been a fizzle on its major testing ground—Greece. That is the conclusion of President Truman's own State Department in a report, recently transmitted to Congress, of the department's stewardship in Greece.

The report naturally does not state such a conclusion so boldly, but it presents evidence that Greece, eleven months after enunciation of the Truman Doctrine, is no better off internally and the Western world is no safer from the "Red menace."

Split purpose. In terms of the original presentation of the Truman Doctrine as economic aid, to a Congress whose carefully nurtured crisis atmosphere belied the thesis as stated, the State Department's halfway-mark accounting is a revealing document. Its authors are obviously torn between trying to make the economic effort sound important, and ensuring that no one will miss the fact that the reason it appears secondary is because of the guerrilla warfare.

The department's writers have done their job as best they could. The President, in his letter of transmittal, is made to say: "In Greece there is clearly revealed the familiar Communist pattern of planned chaos—ruin or rule—in its most vicious form." And the conclusion comes quickly: "The American mission is doing all in its power to assist, and its accomplishments have been considerable. Owing to the Communist obstruction, it is now quite clear, however, that economic recovery in Greece must await the establishment of internal security."

In the light of this candid second guess, it is worth looking back less than a year, to March 12, 1947. On that date, President Truman told a joint session of Congress that the Greek government had asked for "financial and economic assistance." He related the war ravages to Greek transport facilities, the serious farm situation, the tragedy of inflation. He spoke of tubercular children. There was only fleeting mention of the need of supplies to the Greek army "so it could restore the authority of the government."

Even before Congress voted the $300 million asked, it became clear that a good proportion of the money was to be used for military purposes. Secret Intelligence documents were shown to congressmen, and the first figure mentioned was $125 million. Finally half the money was set aside for military and naval expenditures.

During the summer months, a Greek army of 120,000 men—Greeks like those who routed Mussolini's mechanized legions in 1940—did battle with 20,000 guerrillas. The net result, according to the State Department and US military men on the spot, was an increase in the number of guerrillas and an extension of their holdings until they now dominate, in rough terms, all of Greece above a 1,000-foot elevation, or some 80 percent of the land area. (See map, page 13.) This striking statistic is at sharp variance with newspaper reports, which leave the US reader with the impression of isolated bands along the northern frontiers.

Some 420,000 refugees from the combat areas have fled to the cities. Even the valleys and rail and road lines supposedly in the hands of the government are subject to raids to the extent that reconstruction work is all but pointless. Many large US-financed projects have turned themselves into huge refugee centers under armed guard. The State Department says that about a quarter of the population is indigent.

At the end of the year, $15 million more was cut from the non-military side of the program and added to the military. The National Defense Corps (a sort of National Guard) will be increased from 21,000 to 50,000 men to relieve the army from guarding areas retaken from the guerrillas. The army will be increased to 132,000 men and given more mountain artillery and machine guns. And no one thinks this is the last dip into the economic funds. One State Department cynic said it would have been cheaper to make a CAF-2 (a US civil-service category) out of each guerrilla. With a US expenditure to date of some $8,700 per guerrilla, this would have saved a lot of money and certainly have been no less effective.

Hopes and facts. The first half of the State Department's accounting to the American people sets up such an aura of all-pervading Red menace that the second part, which speaks hopefully of programs "laid down," funds "earmarked" and "efforts being made," appears merely as a nod to the sensibilities of the US taxpayer. Actually it is the sad story of the 150 well qualified, conscientious US civil servants and technical experts who are hopelessly frustrated by the confusion, obscurantism, obsequious venality and downright obstructionism of the Greek government.

We went to Greece to bolster a democracy: anyone who looked beyond the front pages of the newspapers knew that Greece was an oligarchy. But few suspected how tenaciously the small group of millionaires who have run Greece for a century would frustrate the US mission at every turn. The last thing these men want is commu-

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nism, but the next to the last is real democracy.

Yes and no. With an effrontery that is breath-taking, they have said "yes" and done "no" with great effectiveness. US experts have worked out many useful fiscal and administrative reforms, which have been accepted. Few have worked in anything but principle. The imposition of an income tax has been avoided by the delightfully simple expedient of saying that no one in Greece keeps the records needed to impose one. Parliament grudgingly accepted a leadership more moderate than that of the arch-reactionary Tsaldaris, only to pass a law saying strikers would be shot.

Despite the discouraging conditions, the US mission was able to record a few concrete achievements, but certainly not $300 million worth. It will surprise the average US taxpayer to learn, in this connection, that the Truman Doctrine money is less than a third of the total poured into Greece since the liberation, most of it by the US (see chart). There has been some road construction, or rather patching. Dredgers are working on the blocked Corinth Canal and steel has been ordered for a bridge across it to replace the one blown up by the Germans. A total of $25 million has been "earmarked" for improvement in transportation and communications.

Greece is primarily an agricultural country, and $19 million was set aside for agricultural aid (cut to $14 million when more money was needed for the military). Insecticides have been imported, and some distribution has been made of seed and fertilizer. Well drilling for irrigation purposes has been started on a more or less demonstration basis. Programs of farmer education have been instituted. Some spraying and farm machinery has been imported and more ordered.

How about the tubercular children? The State Department says bravely that "a broad analysis of Greek health problems has been undertaken." About $2.25 million has been "budgeted" for Greek public health. Refugees have been immunized and disinfectants distributed. The program also "contemplates" a sanitation program, a school for nurses, and $100,000 for "nutrition and health education." Nearly $40 million has been consumed in direct relief (mostly food) to Greece's two million "indigents."

Despite the good advice, and a handful of salutary reforms, provided by the US mission, Greek inflation has been greatly accelerated since the Truman Doctrine began. During 1947 the currency doubled in volume and fell on the free market from 7,900 to 11,510 drachma per dollar. The cost of 20 basic commodities rose 32.5 percent in Athens from March 31 to November 30. Greeks have a "gold psychosis," and the gold sovereign, worth about $8, sells for the equivalent of $40.

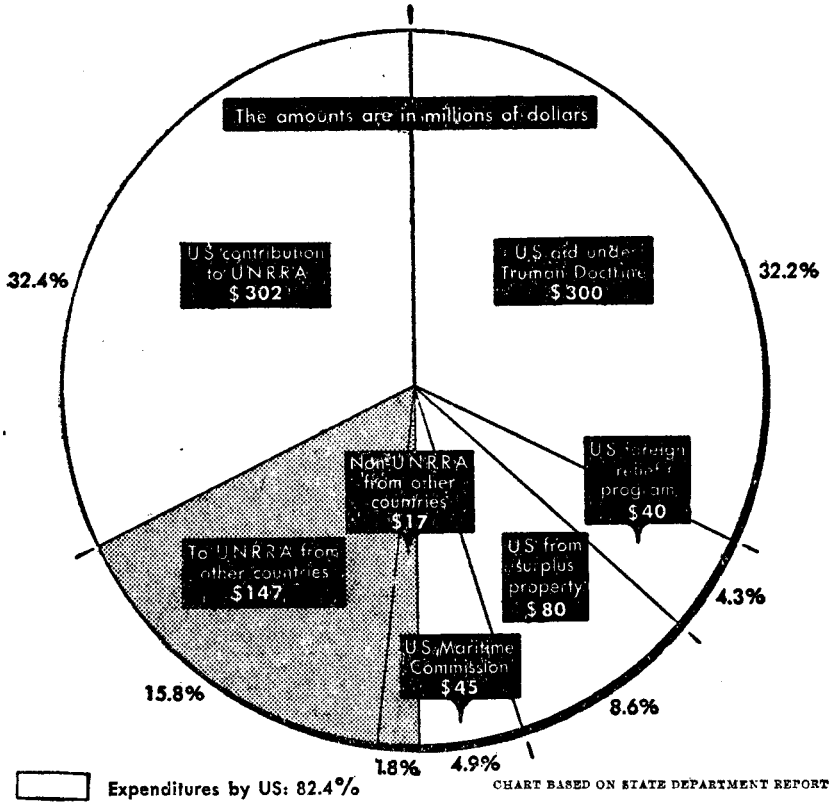

CHART BASED ON STATE DEPARTMENT REPORT

WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM

Inflation. This gold psychosis is being reflected throughout Greek life with increasing acuteness as June 30, expiration date of the aid program, approaches. Greek ministries act as autonomous governments, fighting for a share of the US supplies, then hoarding them in secret places against a rainy day. The figure of $75 million worth of UNRRA goods unearthed not long ago was an exaggeration, but not by much. Large inventories are as carefully guarded by public bodies as by private citizens.

Greek industry was damaged only about 10 to 15 percent during the war. It is currently operating at about 75 percent of prewar volume. But the State Department finds that "the attainment of this volume, which was reached in the latter part of the year, is attributable largely to investments in short-term production projects to produce goods for quick markets where high prices are assured, rather than to investments in long-term economic enterprises."

The disastrous inflation is often blamed on the US mission. To some extent this is true. In the days of British rule, Athens shops were well supplied with nylon stockings, Ronson lighters, Parker pens and other portable, good-as-gold consumer items. The mission stopped these imports but failed to replace them quickly with

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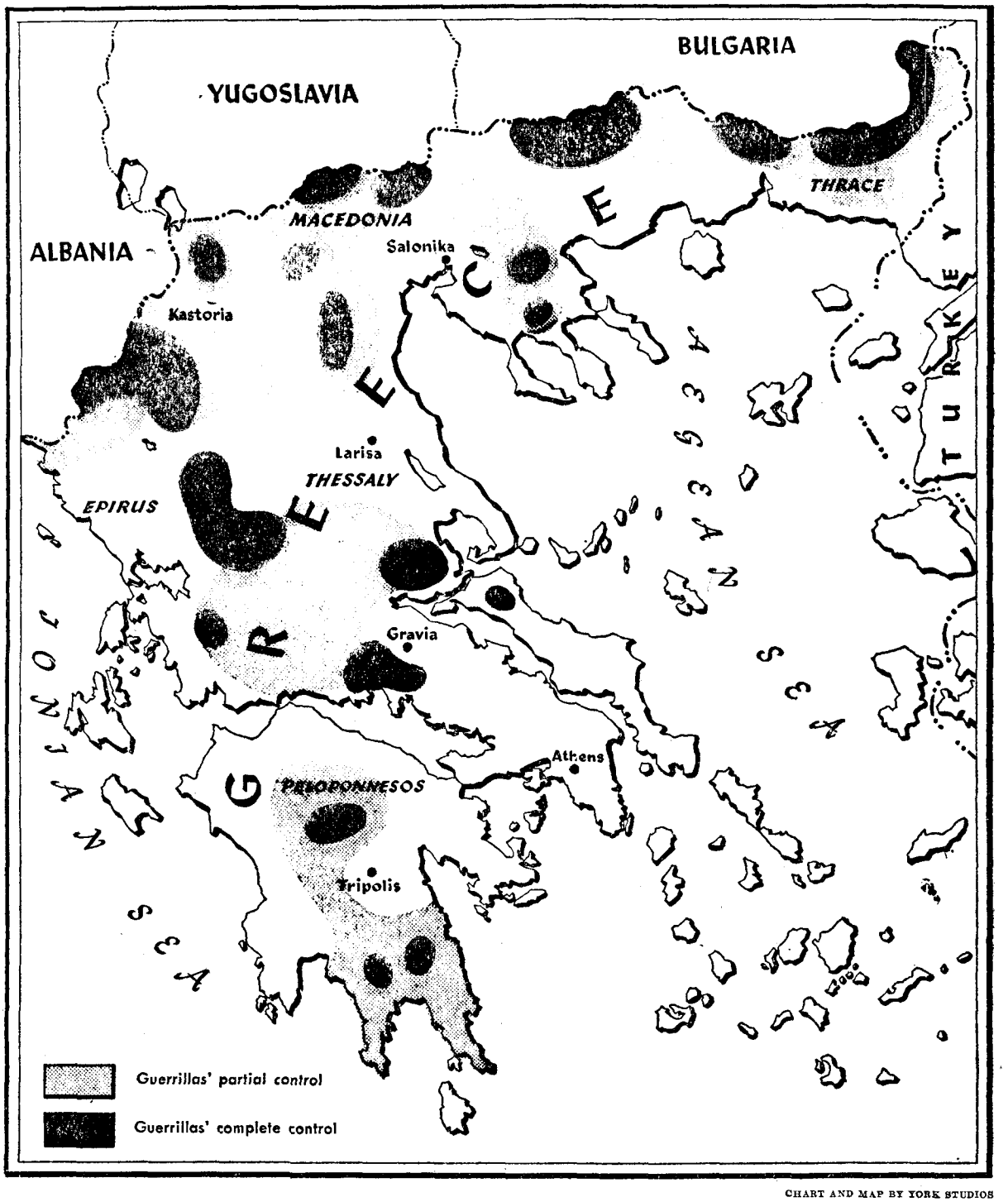

CHART AND MAP BY YORK STUDIOS

¶ This map shows the areas which are under absolute control of the guerrilla forces (dark red), and those where guerrillas roam at will (light red). It represents the general military situation as of mid-January. US military observers in Greece concede that all land above a 1,000-foot elevation is in the hands of the guerrillas. This is about 80 percent of the land area of Greece.

¶ The areas in light red are not under direct guerrilla rule, but guerrilla forces can and do appear in them at any time. Government parties can go there only under heavy armed guard. No government-sponsored reconstruction or economic programs are possible in those areas.

¶ Even along the railroad lines, especially in the mountain passes near Lamia, where several tunnels are being built, the workers live in constant terror of a knife in the night or a sniper's bullet by day. It is in this area that several American technicians and Army officers have been startled to hear their names called by loudspeaker from the hills, warning them to return to Athens. With such accurate espionage, surprise campaigns are all but impossible.

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other less luxurious consumer goods. But much more important has been the rapid rise in non-productive military expenditures, the increasing apprehension as the war went badly, the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of refugees from production, and the uncertainty about US intentions.

All in all, it is pretty clear that the US taxpayer bought a pig in a poke last March. The $300 million is almost gone; many of the programs will run out of money by April, or sooner, if the military is able to make further inroads. The State Department report, mild as it may seem to US liberals, is regarded officially as a strong document which Dwight Griswold, head of the US mission, can throw down on Greek desks and say, "See, Mr. Truman and the American people are getting wise." Maybe it will help, but department insiders think Griswold will make good his promise to quit when the fiscal year is up.

More bloodshed. The future of US aid to Greece looks just like its recent past: bloody, only more so. ERP, in whatever form it is enacted, will take care of the relief and rehabilitation needs of the Greek people. The President will ask for more money to prosecute the war. His demands for Greece will probably be packaged with those for China and Turkey. In two out of three of these areas it is already a "hot war."

The new approach, extremely attractive to the increasingly influential school of thought which seeks to make Russia put up or shut up, was foreshadowed in the State Department's report on the progress of aid to Turkey, issued about two weeks before the Greek report.

When the President requested $100 million for Turkey last spring there was no direct mention of Russia. Turkey needed to strengthen her army for "the preservation of order in the Middle East." The half-time report is a bill of particulars against the USSR by name. "Continuous military and political pressure" is related, and the process is described ominously as "a softening-up campaign."

The Select House Committee on Foreign Aid (Herter committee) sent a subcommittee to Greece last summer. This body has just made its report, too. It was mildly critical of the US mission, and rapped the Greek "monopolists" hard on the knuckles, without suggesting that anything be done to curb their disruptive free enterprise. But it made one point which should cheer Messrs. Tsaldaris, Chiang Kai-shek *et al.* "Should the US now withdraw its support from Greece," the report stated, "which would almost certainly result in the establishment of a Communist government, the Communist Parties throughout Europe would undoubtedly utilize the opportunity to point out to those who are now valiantly resisting Communist infiltration in other countries the uncertainty of relying on US help." That is a theme which is likely to be heard a good deal in the coming months.

All the foregoing raises two questions. One is academic. The other is as germane to the realities of today as the atom bomb, and just as explosive.

The first is whether or not President Truman, and the people who sold him the doctrine, knew at the time what we were getting into. If they did, and then staged the appeal to US humanitarianism which put over the idea, they perpetrated what is now revealed as a cynical fraud. If they didn't, they should not be in a position to guide the destinies of the world.

British legacy. Winston Churchill, who at least is more honest about such things, understood the US position well. Last April, when the new doctrine was still in its humanitarian wrappings, he wrote in *Life*: "I drafted a telegram to our General Scobie (December, 1944) that he must no longer consider himself neutral between the Greek parties, but on the contrary should sustain Premier Papandreou and not hesitate to fire upon the Communist assailants. As the fighting in Athens developed, two or three British divisions moved gradually into the city. For forty days of street fighting we battled for the life and soul of Athens. . . . And it is upon the foundation of this work that the United States is able to take its stand today."

The other question, the one which could blow the world wide open, is simply whether or not we are going to clench our fist, throw good money after bad, and stubbornly pursue the Greek military adventure wherever it may lead. Already the temperate Major General William G. Livesay has been moved upstairs and replaced as immediate adviser to the Greek army by a fighting veteran of the Battle of the Bulge, Major General James Alward Van Fleet.

Deadly dynamite. The stepped-up tempo of US military aid to Greece, and our belated admission that we are there on a "kill Communists" crusade, could lead to an incident which might have fatal consequences. So far, no one on either side has been killed or captured in Greece except Greeks, and the nearest US combat forces are the Marines on ships in the Mediterranean, kept handy to "show we mean business in Greece," as one official put it.

The dynamite is there. In the meantime there will be a big spring offensive against the guerrillas by troops which, according to US military men, are quite adequately armed but have no stomach for civil war. The results in cleared territory may look well on maps, but what is government territory today will be shaded red again the day after tomorrow. And inflation and starvation will continue.

The only true solution is on a different plane. The State Department report indicates that even if US Marines were to kill every guerrilla now in the field, there would be no peace. Democracy is not established that way. The report supports the argument of those who contend that there must be a general settlement with Russia in which, among many other things, both sides withdraw military support from Greece. Simultaneously, a United Nations commission, with police power if necessary, must hold a genuine election in Greece and see that a government is formed which reflects the results. Then would be the time to chase guerrillas, if there were any.

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DESTINATION GERMANY

"We will go ashore willingly only in Palestine," shouted the Exodus 1947 refugees from their floating cages in the French harbor

by Ruth Gruber

IT IS AN HOUR by taxi from Marseilles, France, to the tiny southern coast town of Port de Bouc. An hour and a half away, by airliner, is Geneva, where the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine (UNSCOP) was writing its report recommending the partition of Palestine between Jews and Arabs. In the harbor of Port de Bouc lay three British ships, the *Runnymede Park, Empire Rival* and *Ocean Vigor*. Aboard the British ships were most of the 4,500 men, women and children who had set out, barely two weeks before, aboard the *Exodus 1947* for Palestine. They were to stay on the British ships in Port de Bouc for a month.

After the *Exodus* was rammed and escorted into Haifa harbor, the refugees had been transshipped. The British told them that they were bound for Cyprus. Instead, they were sent back to southern France. I flew from Palestine to cover the story.

The day I reached Port de Bouc, I met an American sailor who had just come off one of the ships. Eli Kalm, 26, a slim, good-looking war veteran with black, curly hair, had been a member of the *Exodus'* crew. "Me, I'm just a punk from the Bronx," he said. "But those people up there, baby, they're terrific. Every day they shave and get cleaned up; you'd think they were going to promenade down Park Avenue. You think they're blue up there? Kiddo, the guys who are blue are the English. They're the prisoners. They wanna go home. Famous paratroopers—now they're busy playing nursemaid to Jewish babies."

I wasn't sure the British would allow me to board the prison ships, so I asked Eli what they were like.

"Picture yourself back home. You're on the New York subway. It's August and damned hot. It's rush hour. They've turned off the fans, slammed the doors, and you're left standing up against each other for five weeks."

The British had stopped feeding the refugees the day the ships dropped anchor in Port de Bouc harbor. The Entr' Aide Française and the United Jewish Appeal, through the American Joint Distribution Committee, were furnishing food, which was carried to the ships by French launches. They also sent doctors aboard and removed the most serious cases to hospitals ashore. But the French refused to force anyone, no matter how sick, to disembark against his will.

Three French officials took me out in one of the food launches to see the prison ships. The three of them floated beyond a bleak, gray-stone breakwater and lighthouse. In the bow of each ship, taking less than a third of the deck space, was a high wire squirrel cage with crisscrossed steel netting. On top of the cage were coils of rusted barbed wire. Inside the cage were half-naked people. Some of them waved to us, begging us to come closer. The gendarmes pointed to the other two-thirds of the deck, where British soldiers and crewmen were sunning themselves in bathing suits. The atmosphere in the launch was tense. The Frenchmen looked at each other and at me, and shook their heads. "We are ashamed of it," one of them said at last.

"Many of us," the Frenchman said as we circled the ships, "were in German prison camps during the war. I was in one for five years. I know who the enemy is. The people on those ships are not the enemy."

Burning the books. Of all the things that were done to the refugees, nothing seemed as grim to them as when the officer commanding troops on the *Empire Rival* ordered that all books in Hebrew and Yiddish be burned. Among the books was the Bible. That evening, in the parliament which they held inside the hold, the Jews sat silently, mourning The Book as if a person had died. They were the people of The Book and The Land, and on this prison ship, both had been taken from them.

Once again, as when they had been separated from their families on the dock at Haifa, panic struck. They called a hunger strike for twenty-four hours. The launch carrying their rations was returned to shore. They refused to accept their food. They told their pregnant women and their sick people and their children not to fast. The women and the children and the sick refused, and joined the strike.

The Jews were convinced that no one cared; they were sure that the conscience of the world had gone dead. "Our feeling is," someone wrote in a letter that was smuggled down to us, "that with time the world has grown used to this phenomenon which is known as *Exodus 1947*. While for us it is a question of our lives. . . ."

The British took the next step. They

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announced to the world from Paris that there was no hunger strike. When that news reached us on the dock at Port de Bouc the next morning, after the refugees had been floating in the sun for three weeks and we had watched the food launches come back unloaded, and the French doctors aboard had seen the people refuse to take food, a French journalist bit his lip and said: "This is the biggest lie since Goebbels' death."

France understands. I went to call on M. Albert Mallet, the *chef du cabinet* of the prefecture at Marseilles. M. Mallet said that he had received a telegram smuggled off the ships telling of the hunger strike, and inviting the prefect to come aboard to see conditions for himself.

He leaned across his neat desk and, speaking rapidly in French, said, "France will not force anybody to disembark, but we will offer asylum and hospitality to anybody who wishes to land. We are feeding the people. We have inoculated them against disease. We have taken off all the cases of measles and the serious case of spinal meningitis. We have sent the convalescents to Paris. But our position is absolutely not to force anyone off the ships. France understands the attitude of the refugees."

A few days after the hunger strike, the British delivered their ultimatum. Typewritten in English and French, it read: "To the passengers of the *Runnymede Park, Empire Rival, Ocean Vigor:* This announcement is made to you on behalf of the British government.

"Those of you who do not begin to disembark at Port de Bouc before 18 o'clock (six p.m.) tomorrow, August 22, will be taken by sea to Hamburg." This was the first intimation to the Jews that they might be forced back to Germany. For them, Germany meant Storm Troopers, gas chambers and death.

On all three ships, the ultimatum was refused. And on Friday, August 22, the British finally permitted the press to go aboard. Edward Ashcroft, the British consul in charge of information, herded us into a launch. We climbed the Jacob's ladder to the *Runnymede Park,* named after the site on which Britain's Magna Carta had been signed.

On board, Ashcroft introduced us to Lieutenant Colonel Martin Gregson, British officer commanding troops aboard the three transports. Gregson was a tanned, pipe-smoking Englishman with a constant grin on his face.

He greeted us with a self-amused smile, as if we had caught him with a towel around his midriff ready to take his bath.

All we could ask of this smiling officer were the black and white facts, the statistics that filled out a story, like, "Colonel, how many babies were born on board the ships in Port de Bouc?" His answer even to that was casual and airy. "I don't know—put down any number you want, maybe six, maybe a dozen, maybe twenty. They're always having babies."

All around us stood the prison guard and the motley crew. The soldiers, thinking they were only taking an overnight trip to Cyprus, had brought no extra clothing with them. They felt filthy and homesick.

Barbed wire. Below us was the cage. Squeezed between a green toilet shed and some steel plates were hundreds and hundreds of half-naked people who looked as though they had been thrown together into a dog pound. For a moment I had the hideous feeling that they were barking. Trapped and lost, they were shouting at us in all languages, shattering each other's words. Some pressed their faces against the slanted fencing, and their bodies looked broken and distorted. We watched the cage grow tighter and wilder as more people forced their way from somewhere in the bowels of the ship, and pushed against those already inside the narrow cage.

Among the faces were those of the beautiful women I had seen at Haifa, the wide-set green eyes and high Hungarian cheekbones. There were strong faces, filled with the determination of men getting ready for battle. Most of the men wore shorts held up with a belt or piece of string. Their chests and feet were naked. Streaks of gentian violet covered their skin eruptions. The food had been poor.

The women wore cotton dresses; some wore only brassieres and shorts. Several had cloths over their heads for protection from the sun. There was one touch of loveliness in the cage: a little girl wearing a white cotton petticoat, a white ribbon in her soft hair.

"May we enter the cage?" a French journalist asked our officer escort. He shook his head. "May we ask questions?"

"Go ahead."

"Do you want to get off the ship?" the journalist shouted at the refugees.

Jewish legend. The cage rocked with their answer. Only the word "no" was comprehensible; the rest was babel. In French, German, Yiddish, Hebrew, Hungarian, English, they scolded us, blamed us, waved their fists at us. One man shouted the loudest. As he spoke, the others cried "Sh-sh-sh" until there was silence. "We will not come down," he screamed. "We will come down willingly only in Palestine. Here we will come down as corpses."

We learned that this man, with his thin, naked chest, his long hair, his tense face and eyes stretched wide, was Mordecai Rosman. Rosman was a legend. During the war, he had inspired the people to fight even without guns, and when the uprising failed, he had led a whole group out of the ghetto to safety in the Polish woods. For the rest of the war, he had fought as a partisan leader.

Inside the cage, he looked like a man whose senses were focused on only one thing—getting these people to Palestine. Like so many Polish Jews, he had been a Zionist all his life; now he was the undisputed leader of the refugees. He must have been in his forties. Now he looked ageless.

"What do you think of their taking you to Hamburg?" one of the correspondents shouted to him in German.

"They are new Hitlers. If they were not like Hitler, would they take us to Germany?"

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DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM SHARP

His answer won the approval of the cage. The people shrieked and applauded, "Yes, yes, they are new Hitlers." They took courage from his courage. It was hard to remember that these were the same people I had seen coming off the *Exodus 1947* in Haifa. These were no longer the tired, bewildered, battered Jews mourning Bill Bernstein and Hirsch Yakubovich who had died to get to Palestine. Now they were defiant—trapped but defiant, defying England, defying the world.

Red swastika. While we watched at the far end of the cage, high above the toilet, a mob of people unfurled a huge black banner supported on tall sticks. The Union Jack was painted in the top left corner and a red swastika blazed inside a white circle in the lower right. The swastika was painted with gentian violet, the same pigment that covered their skin eruptions.

Suddenly the barbed-wire door leading into the cage was unlocked and we were inside, swallowed up by the mob. A few exhausted bodies lay against the steel plates on the deck. We picked our way over them gingerly, and then broke through the crowd to look at the two six-hole outhouses for the 1,500 people.

The bodies, crushed up against us, were foul and hot. I knew I would never get the smell out of my nose and throat and bowels. Through the din, I heard people shouting, "Don't stand up here. This is good. There's air here. Air! Come below. Come see our Auschwitz."

We followed the mob down a flight of slippery stairs without handrails. The hot sun filtered through the grillwork, throwing sharp lines of light and darkness across the refugees' faces and their hot, half-naked bodies. Women were nursing their babies. Old women and men sat weeping unashamed, realizing what lay ahead.

There were no beds in the hold. Each man, woman and child slept on a brown army blanket folded neatly on the slimy floor. The blanket was each person's living space, his dining room, his bedroom and his study. Sometimes three or four people lay on a single blanket. Each man's space was bounded only by the dimensions of his body.

Wrecked material. With a hospitality out of a different world, a woman who looked in her late thirties invited me to sit on her blanket. She brushed it swiftly and handed me her infant.

While I fondled the baby, she said, in a tired, matter-of-fact voice, "My life is over." I asked her how old she was.

"Twenty-four."

"You mustn't say that, you mustn't

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talk that way. This will be over soon. You'll get there."

"No, I know," she said. "I'm wrecked material. But I'm going to live for this baby. I'm going to stay alive so my child won't be burned in a gas chamber. I'm going to live so my child can grow up with decency, without being afraid. There are no frontiers to Jewish hope."

Children of Israel. Now all the women in the vast hold began to lift up their babies for me to see. I realized that it was only the children which gave meaning to this whole exodus. It was for them that their parents had quit Europe, fled to Palestine, floated in this hellish heat, and were now being returned to Germany, to be beaten with truncheons and dragged down the gangways while the Germans stood by and sneered. It was here in this filthy hold that the smoke cleared and you realized what the *Exodus 1947* meant to the Jews.

Another woman handed me her baby. "Will it be cold on the way to Hamburg?" she asked. "We have no clothes, and they have refused to return our baggage."

Mordecai Rosman came toward me. He saw me holding the baby, and his mouth twisted. "You are holding a fighter against the British Empire. These are the soldiers England fights."

The tone in his voice, the contempt, made me shudder.

Disregarding Mordecai, the people pressed around me, bringing me slips of paper with the names of their parents and relatives. Mordecai, looking like a half-naked Moses, screamed at the people.

"Why do you bother her with these petty personal problems? Why do you waste her time with your addresses? Let her write of our sufferings, our blood."

He turned to me, and I could almost hear the ancient prophet crying to his children, "Don't ask for our names." A woman began to nod and weep softly, "We have no names, only numbers."

"Write," Mordecai shouted to me as though the woman didn't exist. The light fell in prison shadows across his bare chest. "Write that after the thirty-year-old Balfour Declaration, they have given us a new declaration; they have given out the Declaration of Port de Bouc. Write," he cried, "that the Declaration of Port de Bouc condemned 4,500 Jews saved from Hitler's Germany to a new life, a shameful life back on the very soil where our people were murdered. We used to believe in the conscience of mankind.

"Write this, so that you may prevent this deed, so that our shame will not become real."

Lost voice. The people were still. Mordecai had shamed them into silence. They listened to him as once a people listened in the desert. "We still hope," he said, "that the world will not let us go to Germany; that the world will turn us back to our land.

"We ask," and his voice rang through the silenced hold, "where is the world of enlightenment? Where are democracy and humanity? Can the world be a silent spectator to this?

"The British hope to break illegal immigration. But we know our Jews. They will be afraid of nothing. Those who dared to revolt against Hitler and against the German war machine will not surrender even now."

He held my arm. "Give our greetings to all the suffering people in the world, in the DP camps, in Palestine, and in America. And give heartfelt thanks to the French government and the French people."

He had finished. I could no longer bear to stand in the spot where he had talked. I began to move away, stepping over the bodies of the refugees.

Ashcroft came down to the hold to say that time was up. We started toward the stairs, when Mordecai shouted, "Hatikvah." Everyone jumped up, their bodies squeezed against each other. They lifted the children in their arms to make room. Their faces grew transparent with hope. Some choked, so that they could not bring forth the words.

Men sobbed and continued to sing. Women lifted their heads, tearlessly

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crying. Ashcroft, bareheaded, stood at attention. His face twitched as if he knew that they were reading the whole exodus, from Moses to the prison ship, into their song.

We climbed the stairs. Inside the hot cage on the deck, a soldier jumped to open the gate and let us out. Ashcroft found himself held back by an old man, who cried, "I'm fifty-eight. I've lost twenty-eight people in my family. I lost my wife and my sons and my daughters in the crematoriums. I was in Auschwitz myself. What have I done? Am I a thief that you keep me in this cage under barbed wire? All I ask for is my piece of bread and a home." There was no answer.

Back to the Reich. We descended into the launch and returned to shore. From the stone quay, we watched the ships. At exactly six, the deadline hour, the *Runnymede Park* weighed anchor, blew its whistle and slowly moved out to sea. Seven persons had disembarked, all of them ill. The ultimatum had been rejected. At 6:10, the *Ocean Vigor* followed, and at 6:15 the *Empire Rival* moved out into the Mediterranean, where an escort of three British warships was waiting. One of the Haganah girls near me, watching the ships set sail for Germany, said softly, "Now you will see the birth of a Jewish state."

Back on the wharf, the French residents of Port de Bouc set to work putting up carousels, sideshows and a large Ferris wheel for the carnival opening the next day. The little village was about to celebrate its liberation from the Nazis in 1944.

* * *

This is the last of three articles on the Jewish refugees who set out for Palestine aboard the converted American river boat, Exodus 1947. *From Port de Bouc, the Jews aboard the British ships were taken back to Hamburg, forced ashore and sent to an internment camp at Poppendorf. There they live today, waiting to take up once more the long exodus from the graveyards of Nazi Europe to their newly created homeland.*

THE VATICAN v. RUSSIA

Pius XII personally directs a foreign policy aimed at achieving a single crucial objective—the halt of communism

by Robert Shearer

ROME (by airmail)

THE FOREIGN POLICY of the Holy See today can be summarized in one word —anti-communism. The issue in essence is fairly simple. The Vatican objects to Marxism on religious grounds. It claims to have no quarrel with Marxist economic theory, although Church property holdings in Italy are enormous and would almost certainly suffer heavy confiscation if the Communist Party were strong enough to form a government.

Clash of values. The religious issue is different. Information reaching the Vatican from Eastern Europe tells of a systematic campaign to undermine Roman Catholicism as a form of worship and a system of values. Here there can be no compromise. Soviet Russia, economic communism and antagonism to the papacy are at this stage in history all one and the same thing. Hence the Vatican is straining its every nerve to thwart the policies of the Russian government.

Doctor Hlond, Cardinal Archbishop of Poland, has been in Rome recently to report to the Pope on conditions prevailing in Eastern Europe. The report is not very encouraging. The Orthodox Church—always a source of anxiety to the Vatican because it claims to be the oldest of the Christian faiths —is holding its ground, and in the Ukraine the Baptists are increasing their membership beyond the proportion of any other faith. Propaganda keeps pouring from Moscow against the Papal State, while in Yugoslavia Marshal Tito has swept the anti-Vatican wave right up to the Italian frontier.

It is true that some time ago the editor of the Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano,* Count Giuseppe della Torre, wrote a series of four articles which were widely commented on for the fact that they maintained that communism had appeared as a new and permanent force in the world and that a compromise *modus vivendi* must be found between it and older established faiths. It was believed that these articles had official blessing and represented a supreme gesture of good will toward the Russian leaders.

In fact, della Torre had sanction to speak only for a possible economic compatibility between the Vatican and the Kremlin and to censure both the United States and the USSR for the tension in the world. Since then—a matter of a few months—the situation has worsened. Before 1,600 party delegates drawn from all over Europe, Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti recently asserted at Milan that a cleavage certainly does exist in Italy between Church leaders and party leaders and that the masses are steadily being alienated from the spiritual guidance of the Vatican toward which they have always looked.

Policy hardens. The Church is patient. In the second millennium of its existence it has learned to wait even for centuries to gain a point that was really important. But time has been telescoped a hundredfold in the twentieth century. It is just two years since the Holy See made its first serious attempt to come to terms with the Kremlin.

The Italian government appointed a Communist, Eugenio Reale, Ambassador to the Polish government at that time. Before he left for his job he had a long private conference with high Vatican officials to see what could be done for the millions of Catholics who are living in Soviet-dominated terri-

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tory. The conference was a complete failure.

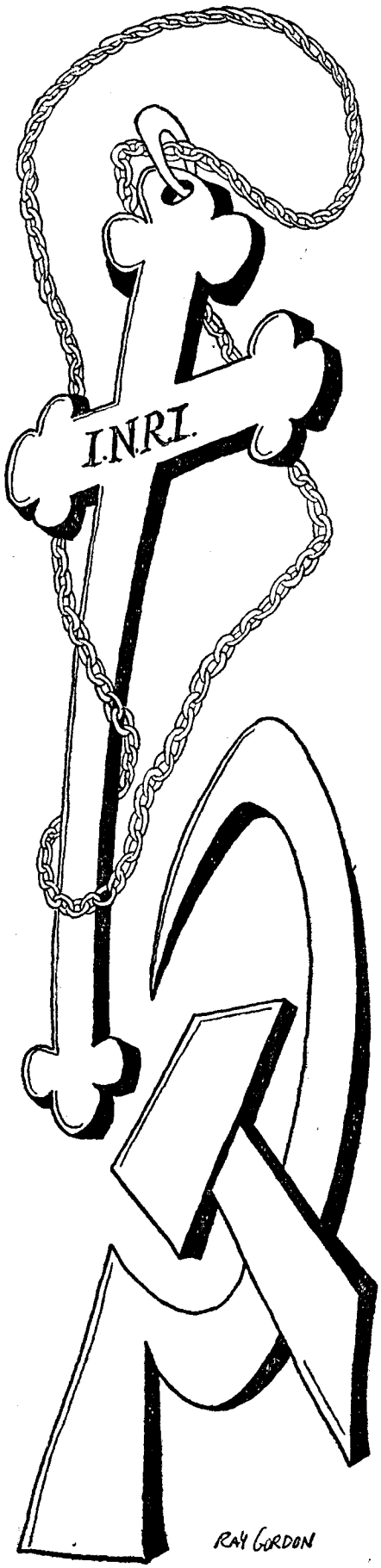
That failure persists today. The public speeches which the Pope has made during the last three months show that Count della Torre's hope for even partial understanding has been set aside. Pius XII is today without qualification militantly anti-Communist. Roman Catholicism in Eastern Europe is more gravely threatened than he had imagined.

Allied to US. Hence the necessity for the Pope to make sure and speedy alliance with President Truman, his chief ally in the struggle against Soviet communism. There are many highly placed Vatican officials who heartily dislike such a policy. They do not wish the Vatican to be put, actually or apparently, in an attitude of subservience to the White House. Truman is a Baptist and a Mason. America is fundamentally a Protestant country and, after all, say these Vatican clerics, the hierarchy exists to spread the faith and ideas of the Universal Church.

The dilemma, of course, is that American Catholics provide the bulk of the revenue for the none too flourishing Vatican finances. Thus, despite his somewhat unpopular status among other Cardinals, particularly those who are Italian, America's Cardinal Spellman is frequently mentioned as the next Vatican Secretary for Foreign Affairs. At the moment the job is vacant.

An organization called the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, composed of twelve Italian Cardinals, exists to handle the Vatican's foreign affairs. But in reality the Pontiff leans most heavily for advice on two obscure Monsignori, Montini and Tardini—proof of an old Vatican proverb that *"l'importanza non va col rosso,"* which implies that the most important jobs do not always go to the men who wear the red hat of the Cardinal.

Tardini, just over sixty years old, is a tall, jovial man with a shock of iron-gray hair. A perfect example of the *bon-viveur* type of priest, he likes good food, good wine and a good story.



Tardini has a flair for sizing up a situation more by instinct than by method. He gives his attention to long-range problems, such as the conclusion of an agreement with a foreign country, the possibility of resuming full diplomatic relations with Soviet-dominated Poland, or the attitude to be adopted toward the restoration of the monarchy in Spain.

Monsignor Montini, on the other hand, is more like his master in tastes and appearance. Thin, pale and ascetic, he suffers from bad health, which he dominates with a will of iron. Montini handles immediate problems. He had to decide what should be the attitude of the Church in relation to the case of Yugoslavia's Archbishop Stepinac. He had to break the news to the Pope that the Italian Constituent Assembly had rejected the inclusion of a clause in the new constitution stating that marriage is indissoluble; he must foster and maintain good relations with the Catholic political parties; and provide the fodder for the propaganda war against the Communist Party, which is now reaching a pitch of open antagonism on both spiritual and material issues.

Test. Pius XII fully realizes the magnitude of the challenge that lies outside the ancient bronze gate of St. Peter's Basilica. Lights burn in his study until one in the morning. Extremely methodical and exacting, he personally examines all diplomatic documents and reports from Apostolic delegates abroad. His comments and instructions are made on his white typewriter, which he uses at great speed and with amazing accuracy.

His twenty-acre Vatican state, sheltering in the shadow of Michelangelo's great dome, is at grips with an empire that stretches from the Pacific to the Baltic Sea. The tiny state is not without powerful friends all over the world. But the struggle is not being fought on the periphery. It is being fought at the heart. The religious issue is deeply involved in the present struggle between the Eastern and Western worlds. Should communism triumph here in Italy, the Vatican will be shorn of much of its power.

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THOSE NAZI-SOVIET DOCUMENTS

by Vera Micheles Dean

THE "Battle of the Documents" now raging between the United States and the USSR sounds like the old nursery-rhyme controversy as to "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Who made it possible for Hitler to precipitate the Second World War?

Was it Stalin, by signing a non-aggression pact with Germany and safeguarding Russia's interests in the Baltic states and Poland "in the event of a territorial and political rearrangement" in these areas? Was it Chamberlain and Daladier? Was it Roosevelt, by failing to throw the weight of the United States against German plans for expansion before and after Munich? In the midst of this debate, there is great danger we shall forget that, after all, it was Germany which started the conflagration.

Whatever may be the final verdict of future historians, their task will hardly be eased by the current tendency of the pot to call the kettle black. Publication by the United States of a volume of Nazi documents covering the years 1939-41, which not only some American commentators but also British Foreign Secretary Bevin have criticized as being "out of context," was bound to be answered by Russia's threat to publish German documents on negotiations between the Western powers and Hitler from 1933 to 1939. From the historian's point of view, what is needed is not piecemeal publication by this or that great power of documents that happen to implement its particular case, but an objective and complete presentation of international developments in the inter-war years.

Skeletons, arise! If Washington's decision to publish the Nazi documents was determined by propaganda purposes, it must be admitted that this form of propaganda has proved both a dud and a boomerang. It is a dud in Europe, for the Europeans were well aware in 1939 not only of the German-Russian pact, but also of Munich and its grim aftermath. Our publication of the documents is also a boomerang, because it gives the Kremlin a welcome opportunity to bring skeletons of pre-war Western diplomacy out of its closets. But these skeletons, too, are quite familiar to Europeans.

Now what do all these blasts and counter-blasts add up to? The case made against Russia by a number of American observers is that Stalin's acceptance of the German non-aggression pact constituted a betrayal of the West, and that Russia precipitated World War II. It has also been said, with hindsight, that had Stalin been really shrewd, he would have joined the Western powers and ensured Germany's defeat.

It would be difficult to demonstrate, however, that under the circumstances existing in the summer of 1939 Russia owed anything to the West, which had clearly indicated at Munich that it felt under no obligation to safeguard either Eastern Europe or Russia. It is difficult to believe that Russia, by mere inaction, would have prevented Germany's expansion, long planned by Hitler and proclaimed by him in advance to the world. Inaction on the part of Britain, France and the United States did not prevent Hitler from seizing the Sudetenland, Austria and Bohemia and Moravia.

The facts. Critics of Russia's actions in 1939-41 are on stronger ground in saying that, even if Russia was unable or unwilling to join issue with Germany over Poland, she should have remained aloof and abstained from sharing in the territorial changes in Eastern Europe. Few responsible non-Soviet commentators would undertake to justify the dissolution and partition of the Polish state or the forcible incorporation of the Baltic countries into the USSR. In view of Hitler's previous record, however, which had gone unchallenged by the Western powers, it seems more than probable that, had Russia abstained, Germany would have simply occupied all of Poland, as well as the Baltic states, and used Finland as a springboard for her ultimate attack on Russia.

The Western critics need to demonstrate that Britain, France and the United States were not only willing, but militarily able, in 1939, to give immediate aid to Russia from the West, though even when the United States entered World War II in 1941, it took two years to open a second front in Europe. The Western powers would also have to demonstrate that, in 1939, they had coöperated in creating a real system of collective security on which Russia could rely.

Good case. With respect to the non-existence of a system of collective security Russia has a strong case against the Western powers, and had Soviet spokesmen been astute, they would have built Russia's retort to the United States entirely around this point. It is a matter of record that the Soviet government, both in the Disarmament Conference, 1932-34, and in the League of Nations, which Russia entered in 1934 following the departure of Germany (with the United States still absent), unremittingly urged collective action without aggression; and that civil war in Spain, Italy's invasion of Ethiopia and Japan's conquest of Manchuria brought from the Western powers either protestations of neutrality or exhortations unsupported by concrete action.

Where Russia is on weak ground in her criticism of the Western powers is when she blames the United States for financial aid to Hitler. It is true that private American loans to German undertakings of various kinds materially aided the rapid recovery of Germany, and that this recovery facilitated eventual German rearmament under Hitler—but, as the Soviet declaration of February 9 itself states, these loans were granted for the most part in the period 1924-29, before Hitler had appeared on the scene. The historian of the future, however, will

(Continued on page 30)

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

TWO QUESTIONABLE FRIENDS OF CHINA

by Richard Watts Jr.

No two Occidentals ever exerted greater influence on the course of Chinese history than W. H. Donald, the Australian journalist, and Frederick Townsend Ward, the American soldier of fortune, and their lives offer the same rueful and timely moral lesson for Western conduct toward the Far East today. It is the simple yet unheeded warning that, by our resentful opposition to the radical upsurge of popular forces in the Orient, we make revolutionary violence all the more certain.

Failures. Donald, an honest believer in Chinese nationalism, who placed his faith in strong men to deliver China from both her political corruption and the perils of communism, ended by giving uncomfortable but invaluable support to an evil dictatorship that seems to be ensuring the triumph of the Red rule he so feared. Ward, an able military adventurer who looked with lofty disapproval on the great Taiping peasant revolt against Manchu misrule in mid-nineteenth-century China, organized and led a mercenary army to defeat it, and thereby destroyed the popular movement which was on the way to providing the reforms that are still desperately needed almost a century later.

Thus both men, from the viewpoint of genuine service to China, must be set down as failures. So, it must be admitted, are the two recently published biographies about them, although that doesn't keep Earl Albert Selle's *Donald of China* (Harpers; $3.50) and Hallett Abend's *The God from the West* (Doubleday; $3.50) from being interesting studies. Roughly, it can be said that Selle's failure is the result of superficiality in the handling of his material; Abend's is chiefly due to the weaknesses of his subject matter.

It is true that, as Abend says, Frederick Townsend Ward was an able and resourceful military organizer and leader. His feat in forming the Ever-Victorious Army out of an unsavory band of mercenaries was a remarkable achievement. The author makes a good case for his conviction that he is righting a historical wrong in upholding the reputation of Ward: there seems little doubt that Lytton Strachey and other British historians have maligned Ward in order to build up the fame of "Chinese" Gordon—who took over Ward's army after its organizer and commander had been killed in battle, and led it to its final triumphs.

Where the attempted rehabilitation of a neglected hero fails is in Abend's effort to present the "value of his [Ward's] achievements" and to find in Ward "a direct relationship to all the American men in uniform who have died in the war against Japan at Tarawa, at Rendova, on the islands of Leyte and Luzon and Okinawa." This is nonsense. There is no getting around the fact that, for all his admirable qualities, Ward was merely a talented adventurer whose claim to historical attention is that he helped to destroy a peasant revolt.

W. H. Donald hadn't Ward's romantic color, but he was a man of more important caliber. Honest and disinterested so far as personal gain went, Donald was, in the most complete sense of the term, a trustworthy adviser. On the whole, his vast personal influence was earnestly devoted to the good of China.

WOODCUT BY LI HWA

Superficial portrait. But as Donald himself admitted, his most notable quality as an adviser to Chinese leaders from Sun Yat-sen to Chiang Kai-shek was based on the fact that he had "none of the European's superiority complex" toward China. He was always a man of conservative economic and political ideas. Never a profound political thinker, he had a natural suspicion of the masses and a great belief in the value of the strong and ruthless leader. In a lifetime in China he never learned a word of the language or tasted the delights of Chinese food.

In his superficial enthusiasm for Donald, Selle unconsciously manages to be strangely unfair to him. Donald played an important part in almost everything that went on in China from the overthrow of the Manchus in 1911 to the long struggle against Japan. Yet when the author makes it seem that Donald alone, with some help from an American named Anderson, brought about the establishment of the republic, one is led to doubt the other stories of his importance in Chinese history.

Similarly, when Selle portrays Sun Yat-sen, the father of the Chinese Revolution, as a dreamy nitwit (an attitude Donald never had toward the man who changed the entire course of world history in the Far East), the suspicious might begin to believe that the Australian knew nothing about human character.

There are many reasons why *Donald of China* is inadequate as the story of one of the most influential men in modern history. Selle knew and talked with the ex-adviser only after

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WOODCUT BY TS'AI TI'CHIH

the war, when Donald was dying of cancer in Manila, and his efforts to repeat conversations of forty years ago are not persuasive. One doubts that he remembered after twenty years just how a minor politician "half-closed his eyes and nodded slowly."

Faulty judgment. Donald was both more and less of a figure than Selle paints him. If he had greater influence on Chinese history than the author's sometimes high-powered prose might make the skeptical reader suspect, there is reason to believe that he used it with less infallible results.

In the end Donald's mistrust of the people and his belief in the strong-man theory led him into the untenable position of supporting the ruthless Chiang Kai-shek. His judgments could be as faulty as those of his biographer, who is able to see the magnificent Mme. Sun Yat-sen as merely "clever and ambitious," and then refers to George Sokolsky as a "top-ranking American columnist."

THE TEUTONIC MIND

THE ABUSE OF LEARNING: THE FAILURE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY, by Frederic Lilge (The Macmillan Company; $2.75).

THE DISGRACEFUL SPEED with which the German universities surrendered to Hitler shocked a world steeped in admiration of German scholarship. And even though fifteen years have passed since then, this debacle still affects us as something utterly abrupt and incomprehensible. In the preface to his book, Lilge promises to explain the causes of the German cultural surrender. As a critical history of the conflicting ideas that ruled German university life from about 1800 to 1933, this is an excellent work. But it falls short of its promise.

Bi-cultural observation. Dr. Lilge has a special gift for unraveling the cultural and moral implications of ideas. And he has the biographical advantage of combining inside knowledge with outside experience. Educated in Germany, he came to the USA early enough to assimilate its intellectual attitudes, which enabled him to look at familiar things from an unfamiliar angle.

The book opens with a brilliant discussion of German humanism, which culminated in Wilhelm von Humboldt's liberal reforms of the educational system in Prussia. After a brief heyday at the beginning of the nineteenth century, this promising trend yielded to the impact of German idealism, triumphantly asserting itself in the philosophies of Schelling, Fichte and Hegel. Dr. Lilge points to Fichte's affinity with National Socialism, but then drops the matter without further pursuing the effects of German idealism as a whole on the mentality of the middle classes.

Fortunately, he compensates somewhat for this negligence by a penetrating analysis of the clash between the all-powerful metaphysicians and the scientists, who, newcomers in the academic world, tried to conquer the universities. After the Franco-Prussian War, everyone became infatuated with technological progress; science won out; the humanistic and idealistic conceptions of general education faded and the philosophers gave way to specialists who were absorbed in research for its own sake.

Attack on reason. The pages on the ensuing disintegration of human substance among the educated are absorbing. The void, Dr. Lilge says, was filled with nationalism. His remarks on Nietzsche's pungent criticism of the academic profession and of German culture in general are no less to the point. He endorses this criticism and yet is awake to the dangers of its underlying irrationalism, which, once formulated by Nietzsche, exerted so fatal an attraction on the rest of the Germans. The legitimate attempt to overcome sterile rationalism thus degenerated into a widespread "irrational revolt," fostered by Spengler, Heidegger and, to a lesser extent, the Stefan George clan.

In the concluding chapter, Dr. Lilge judiciously ponders Max Weber's last-ditch stand against the mounting flood of irrationalism. His praise of Max Scheler's propositions for educational reforms, made under the Weimar Republic, does not sound too convincing.

Diagnosis. The problem is whether these ideological developments fully account for the collapse itself. Dr. Lilge seems to think so. It is obvious, in the author's opinion, that the collapse must be traced to the events analyzed in his historical survey. He holds, for instance, that the human void created by the rise of modern science contributed much to precipitate the catastrophe of 1933.

On the other hand, he rightly in-

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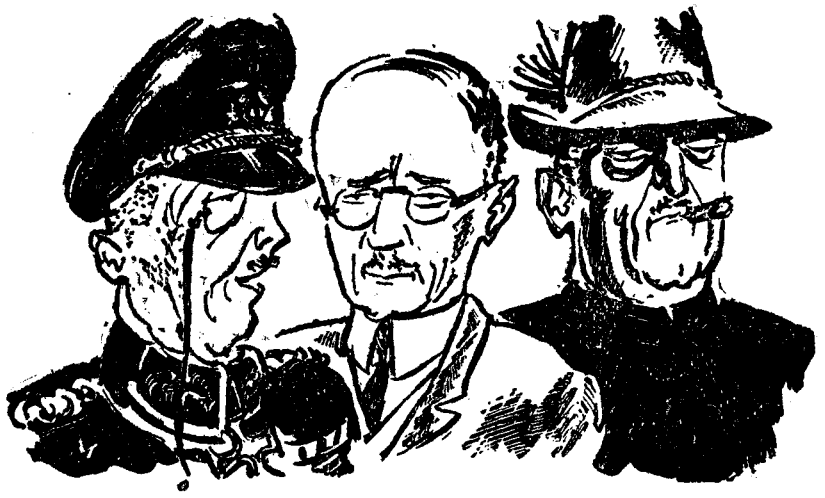

DRAWING BY HANS MUELLER

sists that the ideological battles waged in Germany occurred outside Germany as well. "Most of the problems on which German higher education foundered remain unsolved throughout the Western World. . . ." In emphasizing these analogies, Dr. Lilge is far from implying that, given similar conditions, Western cultures would surrender as German culture did. Experiences in certain of the Fascist-dominated countries during the Hitler era tend to invalidate such a premise.

Out of context. This history of ideas, then, does not suffice to explain what has happened in Germany. In fact, Dr. Lilge fails to make it clear that the ideological developments which he so lucidly recounts took effect in a peculiar social climate. His sporadic references to social conditions prove only that he is basically unconcerned with the way they influence ideological factors. Here lies the weakness of his explanatory efforts. The human void to which he alludes was not destructive by itself alone; rather, it helped to bring about the collapse because it spread among middle-class people without democratic traditions, people who had never gone through a revolution. Yet he barely mentions this. He is so exclusively interested in ideas that he all but forgets to take into account the different effects they produce in different surroundings.

I need scarcely add that Dr. Lilge's book is an important contribution despite its inherent deficiency. It retraces Germany's intellectual life with an intensity that makes the ideas presented yield their full significance; and it offers a special interest to the American reader, since these ideas are still alive and strongly affect education in this country. SIEGFRIED KRACAUER

FICTION PARADE

DEMIAN, by Hermann Hesse (Henry Holt and Company; $3).

THE LIGHT AND THE DARK, by C. P. Snow (The Macmillan Company; $3).

THE DARK DAUGHTERS, by Rhys Davies (Doubleday and Company; $3).

HERMANN HESSE is known in this country as a Nobel Prize-winner and the author of *Steppenwolf*. *Demian* was published in 1923, but this is its first appearance in America. It is introduced with "a sympathetic foreword of warm commendation" by Thomas Mann, who calls Hesse the writer "nearest and dearest to me." The translator remains anonymous.

Out of childhood. Although ostensibly a novel, Mann's description of the book as a prose poem is appropriate. Subtitled "The Story of a Youth," it is an account of the maturing of a young boy into manhood—a generic description of the dawning consciousness that "the life of everyone is a way to himself," for every man is "unique, quite special, and in every case the important and remarkable point where the world's phenomena converge, in a certain manner, never to be repeated."

The boy's mind is revealed with great charm and skill in which the complex of a child's fears, uncertainties and ignorances are interpreted as the body of his knowledge and the sum of his experience, carrying him out of childhood. What the author shrewdly recognizes is the difference in a child's *way* of knowing, as he indicates when he remarks that "the grown-up person who has learned to convert part of his feelings into thought, feels the absence of these ideas in a child, and comes to believe that the experiences are likewise lacking."

The growth of Hesse's hero, Emil Sinclair, is not from the isolation of childhood into any identification with his fellows in society. Rather, in response to a vocation for loneliness, he so explores and consolidates that isolation that he attains a self-realization in which moral considerations or social sanctions are secondary, as when Hesse says, "A man has absolutely no other duty than this: to seek himself, to grope his own way forward, no matter whither it leads"—saint or criminal, it's all the same thing.

Mann speaks of "the electrifying influence exercised on a whole generation" by this book. He means, presumably, by its example of heroic individualism, or to put it another way, by its temptation to the Satanic pride which believes that in complete emancipation is to be found, somehow, the supreme experience. In Hesse's terms, "One was to want nothing, one was to want only oneself." Between that kind of resignation and that kind of absorption might be found sanctity or madness; what certainly won't be found is humor, and a tone of portentous solemnity dominates the book.

Love affair. *The Light and the Dark* is also the story of a young man. There the resemblance ends. Roy Calvert, wealthy, brilliant, "wild," is the victim of an unspecified but romantic melancholy. With this "darkness on his mind," he moves through loosely defined milieus in Cambridge, London and the Continent.

We never get close enough to Roy

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to observe what he's doing. Between us always is the narrator (or author), who writes with an infatuated enthusiasm that obscures, rather than illuminates, his subject. It is the description of a lover, in which the emotion always exceeds the given facts: we can be perfectly willing to grant him his raptures on the condition that we aren't expected to share them.

This discrepancy is the most striking thing about the book. It is packed with talk and social detail, in an attempt at richness and solidity; but to be effective such detail must be relevant to *something*. The relevance, we gather, is to Roy. Boring factual information is solemnly related as in a bad but useful biography, where it is *incidentally* interesting, at least with reference to its subject. But the hoax doesn't come off. Roy can't be made important simply by this publicity: in the limelight he's as unreal as an advertised smile, so that the book is hollow at the center, and all that remains to it is the safety and dignity of dullness.

Sinister amusement. While *The Light and the Dark* suffers from an overemphasis of point of view and no subject matter, *The Dark Daughters,* a much better book, is crippled by the opposite defect: it has plenty of subject, and a good deal of life moves around in its brackish depths, but none of this is focused in any consistent viewpoint and the reader is baffled as to how to take hold of it.

The novel tells the story of a man who, on the death of his wife, marries his mistress and brings her home to live with his three daughters. When the second wife dies, he is left with the young women, who quickly reduce him to a prisoner in his own house. They dedicate themselves to what they consider retributive justice for what he has done to their mother and themselves. The father retreats into miserliness and religion—a man who made his fortune from a chain of brothels "suddenly became conceited about the state of his soul."

We see each side in this warfare only from the viewpoint of the enemy, and in this crossfire the father seems as hateful as the daughters and the daughters as guilty as their father. And the only detached observer in the book, who might decide between them, "found the winding and recesses of the human heart too mysterious for her understanding." In spite of this suspended judgment, which suggests that the author wasn't sure what he was about, there is much sinister amusement in this display of "the elemental squalor in family life."

JOHN FARRELLY

TALE OF AN ART CRITIC

THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED, by Sacheverell Sitwell (The Macmillan Company; $4).

WHEN I THINK what the world has been, and what it could be," writes Sacheverell Sitwell in the prologue to this book, "I could walk up and down and wring my hands and weep." This is the recurrent theme of his sensitive, sometimes obscure and always personalized criticism of the world's art, from antiquity to the present, and, more particularly, of that art which has especially appealed to or influenced him.

For Sitwell, only art, past and to come, and the "shadow world" of the imagination which art inspires can save man from the chaos of the present and the destructiveness of pure materialism. "The fire cannot kindle of itself," he observes. "The lamps must be relit again. There are but few who have saved their matches. And they are poets, painters, writers, not men of science. Those are mending the fuse, but all we get are lightning flashes, and in the glare we see our own white faces." To escape the glare, one must turn to art.

MACDONALD

Counterpoint. The setting and some of the characters and events of the *Tales of Hoffmann* run through the book as a kind of unifying framework, but actually they are of secondary importance. It is not necessary to know the German author or the opera based on his works to appreciate the book and its unusual quality. Like all of his extraordinarily gifted family, the younger brother of Edith and Sir Osbert Sitwell writes with delicacy and perception. It is not so much what he is writing about as the way he writes about it that becomes important and makes his meaning clear.

A strange spell runs through these pages. Although Sitwell clearly sets his own mood and offers his own interpretations, he also has the comparatively rare ability of being able to capture the real quality and essence of the work of art, sight or sound he is describing.

He has reproduced, in words, the ornateness of the mosaics of the early Byzantine Empire, the brilliance of the illuminated pages of the Duc de Berry's *Book of Hours,* the almost ineffable youthfulness and inspiration of Mozart's music. His passages on the hunting customs of the Middle Ages have the exact feel of medieval tapestry; his recapturing of his own "blue" and "rose" periods of emotion blend perfectly with the critical study of Picasso's early painting; his reflections on an Etruscan bronze mirror catch both the workmanship and the significance of the object.

Sacheverell Sitwell is known as both poet and art critic. *The Hunters and the Hunted* is part poetry (albeit in the form of prose), part art criticism in the highest sense, and part combination of both. It is a kind of ornate writing which Sitwell says he will not attempt again. It may be too rich for some palates, but it is beautifully done.

ANNE L. GOODMAN

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RADIO: The Mikes Go Traveling

AN EPIDEMIC has swept the major networks. Unanimously and simultaneously, all four have gone documentary-happy in a craze that augurs well for the listener. For the documentary, being a reflection of broadcasting's responsibility, is a measure of radio's growth.

Mutual's immediate plan has already been disclosed here. This network's "To Secure These Rights," dramatizing one section of the report made by the President's Committee on Civil Rights, opens February 24 for a four-Tuesday run, 10-10:30 p.m. Next in order comes NBC's series, called "Living, 1948." We are promised here a look into the state of the Union, an examination of the major issues facing America and an attempt to weigh the alternate courses of action.

Beyond the commercials. Some time in March, CBS and ABC will unlimber their documentary apparatus. These are the networks that have carried the burden of experimentation in the documentary form, and much should be expected from them. Each plans at least five one-time performances. Dates and time-slots have not yet been assigned, but research and writing are under way. Between them, they will probe our complexes and sound our system of public education, see what makes baseball tick and how we have treated the Indian, examine the nature of political careers and investigate the causes for the increasing incidence of heart disease, hypertension and ulcers. Not a word, you will note—among all four networks—about the issues that are generally stressed in radio commercials. Documentaries sell no soap. Or do they?

The documentary is one of the two newer program techniques developed by radio in the last few years. The "wire" recorder is the other. This advance, on the surface purely technical, has a direct effect on radio programming. And the show that has proved more than any other what the wire recorder means to programming is "Candid Mike," on the ABC network (Thursdays, eight p.m.).

You may recall that Norman Corwin, when he did his last series of 13 shows on CBS a year ago, introduced recordings of the voices of people he had interviewed around the world. While he did an outstanding editorial job with his interviews, Corwin could do nothing about the technical quality of the conversations he had his engineers reproduce. These voices were often fuzzy, or they faded. Now listen to "Candid Mike." The voice reproductions are clear throughout. Patently, progress has been made in the technical mastery of the recorder.

Briefcase broadcast. But it is the use to which "Candid Mike" has put this technical progress that makes the show outstanding and points toward other program possibilities. Alan Funt, the man who originated and runs "Candid Mike," takes his recorder along with him wherever he goes. The microphone takes many forms—it is hidden in a lapel gardenia and in a desk lamp; it is disguised as a hearing aid; it takes on other, ingenious disguises. Funt sets up situations, asks questions, irks his subjects or amuses them or exhausts their patience with his simulated stupidity—and they react naturally. When enough conversation has been recorded, Funt lets the victim in on the secret and obtains permission to broadcast the result.

Through this device, Funt has brought to the air a realism that has never been heard before. It was my opinion, when I reviewed "Candid Mike" some months ago, that it was a *tour de force* which could be improved by being cut from a half-hour to 15 minutes. I still think so. But I would increase Funt's total time on the air. I would give him a 15-minute session five times a week.

Wired documentaries. Then, if Funt still had energy left, I'd set up a Funt pool for the rest of the networks, or let him train others in the refinements of his personal technique. Documentaries would be more real, closer to the ideas they document. A scientist telling about advances in his field, a politician discussing his panacea or a pitcher discoursing on his profession would be brought to the documentaries alive and vibrant and without pose—the way Funt brings his people to "Candid Mike."

Of late, Funt has been using guest stars, mostly visiting firemen from Hollywood, as an added attraction. I don't think he needs them. But one of his recent guests had special significance because he is going to do wire recording on a vast scale himself. He is the radio and film writer-producer-director, Arch Oboler, who is now on the way to Africa.

A transcription firm, the Frederick W. Ziv Company, is financing Oboler's trip, investing $100,000 in the venture. In Africa, using the fanciest recording equipment ever assembled, Oboler will record native ceremonies and rituals, interview tribesmen in the jungle, and stage carefully thought-out situations—à la Alan Funt—in an effort to bring back alive a realistic radio picture of life along the Congo.

Incidentally, being a rather versatile man, Oboler will also shoot some films for television. Twenty years ago, the film magnate George Eastman made history when he returned from Africa, where he had gone, as the announcements had it, "to hunt with gun and camera." Let's hope Ziv's $100,000 and Oboler's radio expertness will make radio history when he returns from his safari.

SAUL CARSON

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MUSIC: Aces Wild

WINTER is a time devoted to giving credit where credit may or may not be due. *Time* chooses its Man of the Year; the motion-picture industry congratulates itself with Oscars; there are enough All-American football teams to satisfy nearly all the fans. The field of popular music is not excluded from this practice: *Down Beat* magazine's recent annual band-popularity poll has left little if any question as to the ascendancy of Stan Kenton. Personally, I didn't vote.

Kenton was best described a few years ago by George Frazier, then writing a daily column for the Boston *Herald*. Frazier, still mildly dazed after witnessing Kenton's antics on the bandstand, said in the column that the young and relatively obscure bandleader did everything but sell peanuts on the stand. The following night Kenton showed up with enough peanuts to supply the Yankee Stadium for a Sunday double-header.

"Soothe me, lover." Since that time Kenton has matured and his methods of gaining attention are more subtle, if that word can be used to describe a band that frequently attempts to imitate a battery of 105 howitzers, and almost succeeds. He is looked on today by his admirers—and there are millions, it would seem—as the leader in the frantic avant-garde of jazz. Maybe so, but to me his modernism is something like the highly streamlined decor to be found in many movie theaters and night clubs—flashy and pretentious and so what?

Kenton's music is loud and exhibitionistic. When it's right, the band offers much that is intelligent and imaginative, but who wants to wade through the bombast to find it? For example, one of Kenton's latest Capitol sides features some piano that's played with understatement and taste, but it's surrounded by ensemble choruses that nearly blast you from your seat, and on top of everything, it's called "Soothe Me" (reverse: "Lover"). Incidentally, vocalist June Christy does a clean job on the tune.

On the whole it adds up to a kind of music that forces itself on the listener, and I for one find myself resenting this. However, I seem to be in a minority, and today's youngsters tell me I'm strictly from whatever their current expression of contempt happens to be. All I can do in reply is say that when I was a young feller there was a bandleader by the name of Benny Goodman who had a way of getting you on his side without using a baseball bat. It was kind of nice.

Listeners with more progressive tastes may find much in Kenton's music that doesn't quite ring a bell with me. They'll have this opportunity soon. Kenton has launched a series of concerts that will cover the East, Midwest and South, and you might keep an eye open for his engagement in or near your home town.

Notes. Georg Brunis' new Commodore album offers some of the jazz you hear at Eddie Condon's, and fine jazz it is too. Two different bands knock out impressive Dixieland as a background (and sometimes foreground) for Brunis' virile tailgate horn and vocal bellowing. I think the book is easily the best of the recent Condon creations. . . . Eddy Howard is a singer I can take or leave, but he presents a fine showcase in a Columbia album (C-158) of old-timers, three of which feature background and solo work by Bill Coleman (trumpet), Ed Hall (clarinet) and the tenor sax of Bud

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DR. G. BROMLEY OXNAM says:
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(See back cover.)

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Freeman, which should be welcome in revived form, since it's not heard much these days. To me, guys like Freeman, Eddie Miller and Ernie Caceres are more than refreshing in an atmosphere of screaming "bop."

People who make "novelty" records usually try so hard they lose all the spontaneity so important to this kind of thing, but the Charioteers' effortless delivery on a nutty tune called "What Did He Say?" (Columbia) is novelty at its best. The song was inspired by Mumbles, late of the Dick Tracy comic strip. Reverse is "Ooh! Look-a There, Ain't She Pretty?" . . . Art Lund's handling of "What'll I Do?" and "I'll Always Be in Love with You" (M-G-M) is warm, dignified and completely devoid of the coy tricks used by too many of his more famous colleagues. . . . Nellie Lutcher is her happy old self as she giggles, yells, and slams her way through a tune called "Fine Brown Frame" (Capitol). Reverse is "Pig Latin Song," and it's just as bad as the title implies.

CHARLES MILLER

MOVIES: With a Straight Face

No EXPENSE or effort has been spared in the two latest laff riots—"A Miracle Can Happen" and "Road to Rio"—to reduce us all to a state perilously close to hysteria. Unhappily, money and hard work are not enough, and unless you roll in the aisles on practically no provocation at all, these two formula comedies will leave you feeling pretty glum.

"A Miracle Can Happen" is composed of a trio of little playlets strung together by the device of having Burgess Meredith stumble on them in his role of inquiring reporter. How Meredith happens to be an inquiring reporter is a story in itself, but not a sufficiently good one to bear repeating.

The first of the one-acters, written by John O'Hara and starring James Stewart and Henry Fonda, shows some life. Stewart and Fonda play a couple of whimsical, jazz-happy musicians who share a stutter and a band, and who lose the latter under circumstances that are at least droll. They have to handle some trying material, like misunderstanding the relative maturity of a character known to them only as "baby," but they manage at least to look like a couple of attractive eccentrics stewing in a difficult kettle of fish. After them comes such chaos that I won't bother with details except to note that Victor Moore is reduced to wearing a prop wig in a desperate quest for laughs.

Others involved in this all-star fiasco are Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Fred MacMurray, Hugh Herbert and Harry James. The last of these, since he isn't asked to play his horn, does absolutely nothing at all, and thus avoids making a fool of himself.

What has happened to Harpo? In "Road to Rio," Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, having wrecked a carnival show, stow away on a luxury cruise, become involved with a hypnotized heiress, kidnap her in a bass-viol case, set up a swing band in Rio, are themselves hypnotized into fighting a duel, save the girl at the altar, and head for Niagara Falls. This is so completely a Marx Brothers script that I kept an eye on every waiter who crossed the screen for signs of a cocked cigar or a red string wig. No luck.

Crosby and Hope are an ingratiating pair, but I can't persuade myself that they're inspired enough to carry this kind of nonsense for two hours. And even the Marx Brothers used to insist on having some lines to work with. There's such a thing as being too amiable.

Not much fun. It would be good critical form at this point to draw indignant comparisons with the screen art of Europe, but unfortunately the newest French comedy import, "Voyage Surprise," lets us down. It's a combination Strombolian royal-jewel intrigue and a madcap holiday bus trip to nowhere, that is supposed to generate quantities of wild Gallic fun, but turns out to be tired and strangely musty. There is one good scene in a closed sporting house equipped with an extraordinarily varied decor for the fancifully inclined, but beyond that the invention sags.

ROBERT HATCH

Flashbacks

FANNY—An old Pagnol film and one of the great ones. With Raimu and Charpin.

THE PARADINE CASE—Hitchcock works his old magic in a production overburdened with stars.

THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE—A first-rate melodrama that is being currently embarrassed by solemn praise.

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT—Laura Z. Hobson's tract on anti-Semitism becomes even more effective on the screen. Gregory Peck, John Garfield and Dorothy McGuire, admirably directed by Elia Kazan.

CASS TIMBERLANE—Spencer Tracy is intolerably noble in an otherwise intelligent transcription of Sinclair Lewis' novel of married love and boredom. With Lana Turner and Zachary Scott.

BODY AND SOUL—Good script writing and convincing performances by John Garfield, Canada Lee and Lilli Palmer turn a routine prize-fight story into one of the year's most provocative films.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—This Theatre Guild-RKO attempt at serious theater is a disappointment, but the film is interesting and important for what it fails to accomplish.

TO LIVE IN PEACE—Aldo Fabrizi, the priest of "Open City," in an Italian film modeled on the French bucolic style of Raimu.

BUSH CHRISTMAS—Probably the best children's film ever made, and probably almost impossible to find. From Australia.

CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE—A boisterous return to the days when Fairbanks was in flower.

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THEATER: Triumph Downtown

IN THE SLEAZY, frayed hall on Bleecker Street that the organization known as New Stages Theater has recovered from the movie industry, we are being treated these evenings to one of the most exciting works of the season—Jean-Paul Sartre's "The Respectful Prostitute." It is a play about our own South by a man who has visited the United States only briefly; a play filled with the complete despair of postwar intellectual Europe, which has proved so fertilizing an influence on the French theater. It has a blistering impact for American audiences.

Voluptuous defeat. Written in Sartre's usual icy, abstract vein, which makes almost no attempt at reality but reaches almost intolerable peaks of theatrical tension, the play preaches a hateful message—that the ordinary run of humanity is incapable of revolting; that the mass of men and women always allows itself to be corrupted away from truth by the master class.

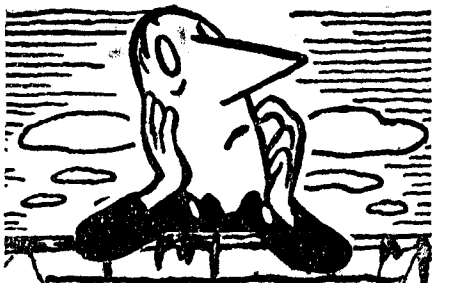
All of us, Sartre says, permit ourselves helplessly to be used by our rulers for our rulers' pleasure and profit. And—final, ugly irony—we voluptuously enjoy our own defeat. This is the slavery from which the slaves can never hope to free themselves, because of their grossness, their moral frailty, their tragic weakness of intellect.

It is the voice of Jeremiah, from the Left Bank, except that this new dark prophet sees no salvation anywhere in the human soul, and addresses no God Who might possibly be moved to mercy by our sorrows. You suffer now, says the grim philosopher, and you shall suffer more fiercely tomorrow, because that is how you are made and because, being weak, sentimental and frightened, you do not deserve any better.

The need to fight. There is a value to all this, especially for Americans, who have escaped the miasma of defeat that has settled on Europe. The thesis is so frightening that it has the power to jar us into action. Stubbornly hopeful, we still believe that truth is possible and that we are free to find it. If only to disprove the teachings of this brilliant, baleful man who fears Americans and thinks that America is a blight, we feel, as we emerge from the theater, that we must struggle with all violence against the narrow arrogance and the supine cowardice which, the playwright truly points out, exist in such shameful juxtaposition within our social structure.

Sartre's fable for monsters concerns itself, on a more practical level, with such symbols as a whore, a Southern Gentleman, a Senator, and a Negro wanted for a rape he did not commit. These characters are whipped in lightninglike streaks of action through an hour-long play in which the scenes dance dizzyingly through tragedy, low burlesque, ludicrous political parodies, cold examinations of sexual perversities. Pity, alone, is a stage material of which the author never seems to have heard.

Stage credits. The production at the New Stages Theater matches the lean brilliance of the writing. Miss Meg Mundy, who was impossibly bad earlier in the season in "How I Wonder," is spectacularly good as the prostitute who succumbs to the evil forces around her. Coarse, beautiful, with an angular



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grace and a sly, dance-hall humor, she controls the play from beginning to end. She is hard, foolish, sensual, gullible, defeated, as the play demands, moving from one emotion to another with absolute confidence and certainty. The theater may have found a magnificent new star on Bleecker Street.

Mary Hunter has directed the play, in its simple, stylized setting, with precise violence, getting excellent performances out of all but one of the cast.

Among the actors, John Marriott, as the hunted Negro, admirably solved the problems presented by a character who had to be fearful, humble, honorable and conquered in the short space of a few small scenes. Only Karl Weber, as the Senator's son, seemed oratorical and stiff.

Inferior companion. To go with Sartre's play, there is "Church Street," a fantasy of Irish middle-class life by Lennox Robinson. It is a lame little play, not up to the Irish playwright's other work, and it is miserably presented. A search should be instituted immediately for a more fitting companion piece to "The Respectful Prostitute."

IRWIN SHAW

Those Captured Nazi Documents

(Continued from page 21)

want to know a good deal more than has yet been published about attempts of the Western powers to placate Hitler, and to bargain with him about political and economic arrangements.

Self-interest. Neither the United States nor Russia can pride itself on having voluntarily entered World War II to save nations menaced or attacked by Hitler. Russia was drawn into the war only after she had been invaded by Germany. The United States, although already aiding Britain through lend-lease and other measures, became actively engaged in the war only after Pearl Harbor. The two great powers which have a good record on this score are Britain and France. It is, of course, true that Russia gained by her non-intervention in acquiring eastern Poland, the Baltic states, Bessarabia and certain areas of Finland—all of which had been part of the Czarist Empire for varying periods of time before 1917.

In weighing these Russian and American acts—or failures to act—it is essential to bear in mind that the world of 1939 was not an ordered world ruled by law, but a scene of vast confusion and conflict, where every power was out for itself and the devil take the hindmost. We should recall this prewar atmosphere now not for the sake of further name-calling, but for the sake of trying to discover how we can create a more orderly international society, where the attitude of "dog-eat-dog" might be replaced by concern on the part of each nation for the welfare and security of all.

BANDWAGON

GOP Doctrine

The Ohio Senator [Robert A. Taft] said lowered prices would increase the demand and decrease the supply of goods, which is "fundamentally the wrong approach." – *From the* Wall Street Journal.

What Is Man . . . ?

The material worth of the human body in recent years has ranged, according to chemists' figures, from approximately 63 cents to a prewar 98 cents. Not so today. . . . According to recent computations the postwar human body is now worth $31! . . . due to huge increases in the value of what previously were almost worthless chemicals. – *From the* Prudent Investor.

William's Ghost

Drama critic Percy Allen reported today that he had contacted William Shakespeare, the Earl of Oxford and

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Sir Francis Bacon in the spirit world and had asked them bluntly:

"Who wrote the plays attributed to William Shakespeare?"

Shakespeare admitted that he was not the sole author of his famous plays and poems and that Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, was his collaborator, Allen said. – *UP dispatch from London.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clippings. – The Editors

CORRESPONDENCE

Third Truth

SIR: I appreciated your thought-provoking analysis (the *NR*, February 2) of the report made by the President's Air Policy Commission, but was provoked just far enough to take the following exceptions.

I do not think that the commission was silent, as you put it, on a third truth. That is, that rearmament always leads to war. At the very outset the commission acknowledged that war is inevitable without world law, and that certainly rearmament, or unilateral disarmament, or even unenforced reciprocal disarmament will not provide the security the abolition of war requires.

You say, "We have stopped searching for a world security system." Actually, we never began to look. We have stated that a world organization with powers of government adequate to prevent war is the aim of our foreign policy. Our policy sets its sights no higher than the winning of cold wars. . . .

A United Nations that can pass laws, not just recommendations, and a United Nations that can order, not just requisition, is the only protection either we or the Russians have from the suicidal arms race now under way.

LAWRENCE FUCHS, Chairman,
Student Division,
United World Federalists, Inc.
New York City

Gandhi Peace University

SIR: Why not establish a Gandhi Peace University in India to which students from every country might go to study Gandhi's life and doctrine and other peace doctrines? Teachers from the four corners of the earth could visit there. Representatives of the United Nations might designate students from their respective countries who would attend. What better gesture for peace than the United Nations' contributing to a fund for founding such a university?

Corning, N. Y. DON BROWN

"Lysistrata"

SIR: "Free enterprise without moral responsibility" (William Harlan Hale in the *NR*, December 29) results in high prices with exorbitant profits and leads to other conditions of which we as human beings and as a nation cannot be proud. Only women, as buyers, can successfully oppose this; not only in the shop, but in the home and social life by refusing to have anything to do with men who stoop to such unmoral dealings, in order to be able to gratify women's desires.

In insisting upon equal standing with men, let them refuse to be like such men, and challenge them on a higher moral basis.

Pasadena, Calif. J. F. A. THUNHORST

Pitfalls for Labor

SIR: The series of articles on "Labor's Third Round" in the January 26 *New Republic* is a splendid treatment of current problems before labor. The chart entitled "Wage Increases v. Price Increases, June, 1945–June, 1947," is most illuminating, and it certainly proves that wage increases are not the cause of the inflation from which the country is now suffering. In fact, historically, wages have never been able to keep up with prices, and price advances always precede wage rises. To argue that wage increases are the cause of higher prices is to argue that effect precedes cause.

My only criticism of your treatise is that you fall into what I believe is the NAM-inspired propaganda slogan of referring to wage increases as the "Third Round." I cannot blame you for using this term, since many leaders of labor have likewise used it. It does seem to me, however, that it suggests the picture of a hoggish person at a buffet supper who makes several "rounds." It also seems to carry the connotation that the seeker is after something to which he is not justly entitled.

It may seem petty to bring up these points, but we must remember that the NAM crowd is skillful in the use of slogans and techniques designed to keep the people forever prejudiced against labor. They always have an ever ready and willing press to use their techniques.

A. F. WHITNEY, President,
Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen
Cleveland, Ohio

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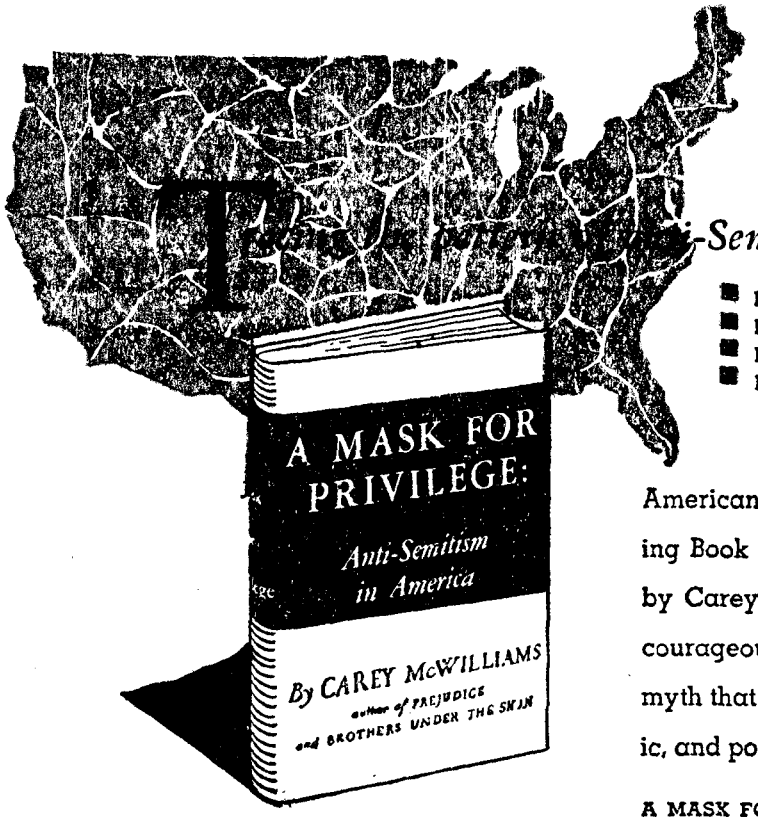

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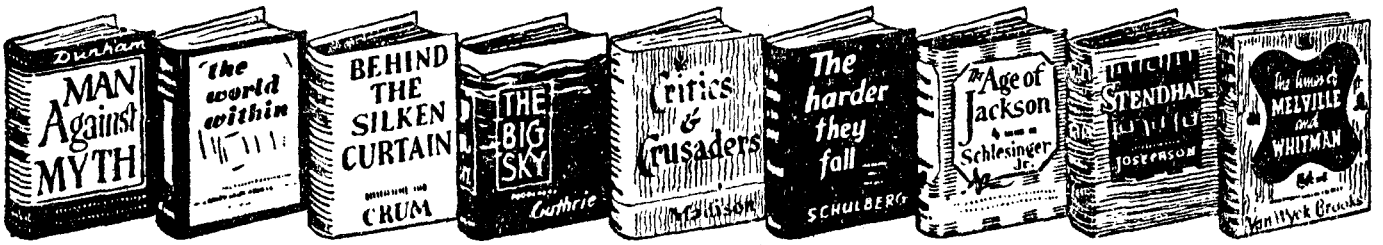

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